

# LONDON LITERARY CRITIC, JOURNAL.

VOL. XIII.—No. 325.

OCTOBER 16, 1854.

Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

Price 6d.—Stamped, 7d.

**EDUCATION.**—A married Clergyman, of good Family, resident in Dresden, will be happy to devote his whole time and attention to the EDUCATION of the SONS of a NOBLEMAN or GENTLEMAN in CLASSICS and MODERN LANGUAGES, &c. A personal interview may be obtained by addressing, "P. P. P." (No. 324), CRITIC OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

**EDUCATION.**—A Young Lady, accustomed to TUITION, wishes to obtain a SITUATION as GOVERNESS (after the Christmas vacation), in a Private Family or School. She is competent to impart a sound English Education, with Music. Terms moderate. References exchanged. Address "L. L.," Post-office, Lowthorpe, Yorkshire.

**EDUCATION.**—COAST OF SUSSEX.—TWELVE PUPILS are carefully educated in the family of a married Clergyman, who speaks French and German, and is assisted by competent masters. There are TWO VACANCIES. Terms, Fifty Guineas and upwards, according to age. Address "Rev. E. M. A.," Mr. Hemmington's, 142, Fenchurch-street, London.

**EDUCATION.**—BRIGHTON.—THE ROSE-HILL SCHOOL.—Mr. SCUDAMORE, a Married Graduate of Cambridge, RECEIVES a limited number of PUPILS, who are instructed in French, German, the Classics, and Mathematics, at inclusive terms. The Pupils take their meals with the family, and have all the advantages of a comfortable home. The grounds are extensive and healthy. French and German constantly spoken, under the superintendence of resident native masters.

**EDUCATION.**—The Authoress of the Book entitled "The Parent's Great Commission," wishes to receive under her care and educate THREE YOUNG LADIES. Reference to her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Hamilton; her Grace the Duchess of Roxburghe; and Lady Pilkington, Chevet, Yorkshire. Before troubling the referees, communicate with the Authoress of "The Parent's Great Commission," the Rectory, Stanton-by-Dale, Derby.

**EDUCATION.**—The situation of GROVE-HOUSE, ST. PETER'S, near MARGATE, eminently deserves the attention of parents. The purity and dryness of the air has proved of inestimable benefit to delicate constitutions, while the invigorating properties of the surrounding sea render it singularly conducive to the development of physical strength. In all his arrangements the principal has been influenced by the sincere desire to secure health, happiness, improvement, gentlemanly deportment, &c.; and, with pleasure and confidence, refers to the parents of his pupils. Terms 25 and 30 Guineas. Boarders only are received, and number limited.

**THE YOUNG BOYS' FIRST SCHOOL.**—In a most picturesque and bracing situation a few young Boys are received and carefully trained for Public Schools. The advantages to health, the minute arrangements for comfort and enjoyment, are unusual. Boys can only be received straight from home. Age of entrance preferred, seven to nine. For prospectuses, address "DELTA," Relfe Brothers, 150, Aldersgate-street.

**SOUTH DEVON.**—PUPILS are PREPARED for the UNIVERSITIES, NAVAL, MILITARY, and EAST INDIA COLLEGES, &c., by a GRADUATE of CAMBRIDGE (in Orders, and late Scholar of St. John's College). For terms and references, and other information, apply to Mr. ROGER SIDSTONE, Bookseller, George-street, Plymouth.

**CLASSICAL and COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.**—Mr. ROGERS respectfully announces that he will be prepared to receive pupils for the second quarter of the present term, on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4. Mr. R. will have pleasure in forwarding his Prospectus to any address, and can confidently commend his School as well for extent and efficiency of tuition, as for liberality of treatment and moderation of terms. The Priory, Louth, Lincolnshire, Sept. 26, 1854.

**BATH-PLACE, READING.**—Mr. WILLIAM BINFELD (Miss Welch) continues to receive under her care a limited number of YOUNG LADIES, whose religious instruction, intellectual improvement, and domestic comforts are objects of her unremitting attention. Terms: 40 guineas per annum; for pupils under twelve years of age, 30 guineas. This Establishment offers peculiar advantages for the general cultivation of Music, which is entrusted to Mr. WILLIAM BINFELD, a Paris and London Professor, who also gives finishing Lessons in Singing and on the Piano-forte.

**FRANCIS KRITCHEN'S EDUCATIONAL BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT, MAYENCE, D. 244-45, for YOUNG GENTLEMEN under the age of nineteen.** Is in Mayence universally acknowledged to meet every demand of finished German education, combined with a kind English family treatment. Nothing is neglected to promote the health and the mental development of the pupils by the strictest attention to physical education and solid instruction. Terms moderate. References given and required—F. KRITCHEN, Mayence, Germany, and to the Publisher of this paper. References given—Mr. STEPHEN FLOCKTON, No. 1, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street; Mr. JOHN MASSON, Jerusalem Coffee-house, Cornhill.

**FRENCH ACQUIRED as on the Continent,** at RUGBY, WARWICKSHIRE, in MADAME BERARD'S Maison d'Education de Domestiques, which offers all the comforts of a superior English home. The mansion is delightfully situated, out of the town, in ornamental grounds of several acres, surrounded by gravel walks and shrubberies. The family is Parisian and Protestant. An English and two German governesses reside in the house. Excellent masters attend. A view of the house, with terms, &c., will be forwarded upon application. References to the Ven. Archdeacon of Coventry; the Rev. J. Moultrie, Rector of Rugby; the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Head Master of Shrewsbury School; and the Rev. Derwent Colledge, Principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea.

**LADIES' SCHOOL, No. 30, TORRINGTON-PLACE, NORTH-HILL, PLYMOUTH.** Conducted by the MISS VELLACOTT. Terms per Annum.—For Board and Instruction in the various branches of an English education, including Writing, Arithmetic, and French, by Mlle. de Lannoy—Pupils under Ten years of age, 25 guineas; between Ten and Fourteen, 30 guineas; above Fourteen, 35 guineas. For instruction above, with French—Pupils under Ten years of age, 15 guineas; between Ten and Fourteen, 18 guineas; above Fourteen, 22 guineas. The German Language, Drawing, Music, Singing, &c. &c. are charged separately upon the usual terms. The Misses VELLACOTT will be happy to give references to the parents of young ladies who have been educated at their Establishment. They are also permitted to name as referees the Rev. Walter Radcliffe (Warleigh House); Rev. G. Arthur, W. Reed, Esq. (Upland, Tameston Foliot, near Plymouth); Lady Fellows (Argon Villa, Stoke, near Plymouth); Major Armitage (7, Nelson-place, Bath); Col. Whitlock, H.E.C., 3rd European Regiment; J. C. Cookworthy, Esq. M.D. (Plymouth); Rev. S. Vallack (St. Budeaux, near Plymouth); Lieut. Rhind (Ross, Hereford); Edwin Isbell, Esq. (Wellington, Somerset); J. B. Perkins, Esq., Solicitor (Oldgate, London); the Rev. E. Blackmore, Ashford (Barnstable); Capt. Johnson, Coast Guard (Wells, Norfolk); and the Messrs. Halloran, South Devon Collegiate School, Plymouth.

**LE CHEVALIER de CHATELAIN,** Author of the Translation of Gay's Fables into French verse, begs to announce that he has RESUMED his LESSONS in the FRENCH LANGUAGE for the season. Terms, Half-a-guinea per Lesson. 27, Grafton-place, Euston-square.

**PUPIL WANTED.**—An Artist and Engraver, resident in the Country, desires to have a YOUNG LADY as a PUPIL, to board and educate with his own children. Address to W. LINTON, Brantwood, Coniston, Windermere.

**THE LONDON SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 78, NEWGATE-STREET.—At this institution the art of taking Portraits and Landscapes may be learned in one lesson, and the necessary apparatus purchased for 5s. No charge is made for the instruction.

**STEAM.**—Naval Gentlemen can be prepared for the necessary examinations now required from all Candidates for Government, and the E. I. Company's Services. Private instruction also in Chemistry, and scientific investigations conducted. Certificates given after examination. By Professor GARINER, late of the Royal Polytechnic and the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth. Address by letter, 24, Norfolk-street, Middlesex Hospital.

**NAVAL CADETS, PORTSMOUTH.**—ESPLANADE-HOUSE ACADEMY, LION-TERRACE. Established 1830.

N.B.—CANDIDATES for NAVAL CADETS are (from long experience) most successfully prepared for passing the Examination as required at the Royal Naval College, the *ex-acte* course being daily practised by a select class under the especial care and direction of the Principal, Mr. W. O'REILLY, from the University of Paris.

**SCHOOLMASTER.—WANTED, a HEAD MASTER** for the Boys' School in connection with the Leeds Mechanical Institute and Literary Society. The object of these Schools is to provide a thoroughly sound and practical education, according to the most approved methods, for the Children of Artisans and Tradesmen. As it will be the duty of the principal to superintend the whole course of instruction given in the school, he must be qualified to teach, not only all the Elements of an English Education, but he must also be a good Mathematician and Classic. Salary, in the first instance, 160l. per annum.

Applications, with testimonials, must be sent in not later than the 1st of October, to T. DAWSON, J. N. DICKINSON, Hon. Secs. Leeds, 6th October, 1854.

P.S. Further particulars may be had on application to the Secretaries.

**STATUETTE of SIR CHARLES NAPIER.**—SAMUEL ALCOCK and Co., Bill Pottery, Burslem, have just published a Statuette in the First Marble of Sir Charles Napier; which can now be had from all China and Porcelain Warehouses in Town and Country.

**THE ART TAUGHT by LETTER** of PAINTING beautiful PICTURES in OILS, resembling productions of the best masters. A knowledge of drawing not requisite. Also, the MAKING of ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS. Full instructions in either Art sent to 2s. 6d. Address to "A. P. D.," Post-office, Bedford.

**SCARBOROUGH.—LODGINGS.**—A Tradesman, in a respectable locality, has SITTING and one or more BEDROOMS to LET, furnished, where a quiet party would find every attention paid to their comfort. Address JOHN JACKSON, Scarborough.

**TO GENTLEMEN.—A Gentleman** parting with a MAN-SERVANT whom he can recommend for honesty, sobriety, and competency for the duties of a London Establishment, where no other Man-servant is kept, will hear of a good Place for him by addressing "D.C.L.," CRITIC OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

**PEA-FOWLS.—FOR SALE, a PEACOCK** and PEAHEN, young and handsome. Price One Guinea only for the pair. Apply "D.C.L.," CRITIC OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

**PONY for SALE.—A CHERNUT PONY,** very quiet to drive and ride. Can be recommended for Family use. Parted with only because the owner is about to keep horses instead. Price 12l. This advertisement is bona fide by a gentleman. Apply "C. W. E.," CRITIC OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

**BOOKBINDING.—W. HOLMES, Practical Bookbinder,** 195, Oxford-street, London. Books bound in Morocco, Russia, or Calfe, both plain and elegant, on the lowest terms. Gentlemen waited upon with patterns. Estimates given for large or small Libraries. Address, 195, Oxford-street.

**WOOD ENGRAVINGS.—ILLUSTRATIONS** for BOOKS, Periodicals, Newspapers, &c., executed in a superior style, at reasonable prices, by GEORGE DORRINGTON, Designer and Engraver on Wood, 4, Ampton-street, Gray's-inn-road. Specimens and estimates sent free.

**DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP.**—EDWD. GEO. WOOD, OPTICIAN, &c., late of 123 and 121, Newgate-street, begs to invite attention to his new Establishment, No. 117, CHEAPSIDE, London.—Photographic Cameras, and Apparatus and Chemicals. All kinds of Photographic Papers, plain and prepared. Photographic Papers and Solutions prepared according to any given formula. A large assortment of Photographic Pictures and Stereoscopic slides of the Crystal Palace. Improved portable Telescope for yachting or deer-stalking; 2s.; improved Reading Glasses, 4s. 4c.; Electro-Galvanic Machines, 3s. 3c. Spectacles, Chemical-glasses, Mathematical Instruments, &c. &c.

**NEWSPAPERS.**—The TIMES, GLOBE, or SUN, posted on the evening of publication, for 2s. a quarter; HERALD or POST, 2s.; TIMES, Second Edition, 3s.; CHRONICLE, ADVERTISER, or DAILY NEWS, 2s.; TIMES or GLOBE (Second Day), 15s. 6d. All orders paid in advance. Answers required must be prepaid.—JAMES BARKEE, 19, Throgmorton-street, Bank. Money-orders at the chief office, London.

**CHEAP BOOKS.—JAMES HUSKISSON'S CATALOGUE** for OCTOBER contains upwards of 2000 Vols., including Encyclopaedia Britannica, best edition, 21 vols. 4to, half-Russia, 17s.; Larner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, 133 vols. cloth, 12s.; Dryden's Works, with notes by Scott, 18 vols. 8vo, calf, 8l. 10s.; Pinkerton's Voyages and Travels, 17 vols. 4to, calf, fine copy, 7l. 7s.; Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare; the Aldine Poets, &c. &c. Will be forwarded on application at 104, High Holborn, London.

**VERY CHOICE BOOKS.—A CATALOGUE** of choice, rare, and curious, as well as useful and valuable BOOKS is now ready, and may be had on application, or sent by post on receipt of two stamps. The whole of the books are in the finest and most desirable state, including most of the rare works relating to topography and county history, books of prints, illustrated works, manuscripts, missals, hours, breviaries, &c., the whole marked at very low prices. \* \* \* Books Purchased or Exchanged. UPHAM and BRET (late Rodwell), 46, New Bond-street, corner of Maddox-street. Libraries purchased, or valued for executors.

**PAROCHIAL PSALMODY.**—PSALMS and HYMNS, CHANTS and RESPONSES to the COMMANDMENTS, with directions for Chanting, and for adapting words to the different Tunes. By JOHN GUSS, Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. Price 3s. 6d. CRAMER, BEALE, and Co., 201, Regent-street, and 67, Conduit-street.

**THE ONLY PRIZE FLUTES.**—These beautiful toned instruments may be seen and heard daily, from 12 till 2, at the Patentees and Manufacturers, RUPAILL, REVEL, CARTE, and Co., 100, New Bond-street, where Mr. Carte will be in attendance to explain their peculiar excellences. Every kind of Flute upon the new and old systems—Carte's Sketch (price 1s. by post 1s. 6d.) gives a full description.

**ALLISON and ALLISON** beg to solicit an inspection of their STOCK of PIANOFORTES, manufactured after the most approved designs of modern and antique furniture, in Spanish mahogany, rosewood, French walnut-tree, &c., from 25 Guineas upwards, at their ware-rooms, 75, Dean-street, Soho, and CHAPPEL'S, 50, New Bond-street. No connection with any other House of the same name.

**HARP, GUITAR, and VIOLIN STRINGS,** best quality only, wholesale prices, at the Importers, 10, Stockbridge-terrace, Victoria-road, Finsbury. Harp Strings ..... 15s. per set. Guitar ditto ..... 3s. Violin Strings (three lengths) from ..... 1ld. each. Strings sent on receipt of stamps or post-order. All descriptions of Musical Instruments repaired, tuned, bought, lent on hire, &c.

**LONDON COTTAGE RESIDENCES** for SALE. The Purchases—money received by yearly instalments. 15, Highbury, 13, Gresham-street, London.

**MAYALL'S PORTRAIT GALLERIES, 224, Regent-street, and 433, West Strand.—DAGUERRETYPE MINIATURES,** in the highest style of art, taken daily. \* \* \* Mr. Mayall's portraits represent the high art of the Daguerreotype; they are as superior to the generality of such pictures as a delicate engraving is to a coarse woodcut.—Art Journal, Nov. 1853.

**THE beautiful CARTOONS of RAPHAEL,** originally published at 70 guineas, engraved by Messrs. Holloway and Co., may now be had for 6 guineas the set of seven, or on fine India paper, including the admirable portrait of Raphael, for 10 guineas. To be had of Mr. WEBB (to whom the property now belongs) at his Piano-forte and Harmonium Salons, 55, Wigmore-street, four doors from Cavendish-square.

**FIRST PRINCIPLES OF PHRENOLOGY** ILLUSTRATED. 3d.; by post, 5d. Delineations of Character daily, written or verbal. French, German, and Spanish spoken. C. M. DICK, Practical Phrenologist, 402, Oxford-street (three doors from Holborn).

Now ready, Part III of **THE FERNS of GREAT BRITAIN,** Illustrated by JOHN E. SOWERBY. Descriptions by C. JOHNSON, Esq. To contain about 46 Plates, and to be completed in Eight Monthly Parts, full coloured, at 3s.; partly coloured, at 1s. 6d. per Part. To be had through all Booksellers, and the Proprietor, JOHN E. SOWERBY, 3, Mead-place, Lambeth.

**LITERARY FABLES.** Second Edition, with Additions, in 8vo, price 5s. **LITERARY FABLES.** From the Spanish of YRIARTE, by ROBERT ROCKLIF. \* \* \* In the present edition some additional fables have been incorporated with the volume, which now, for the first time, contains a translation of Yriarte's entire collection. \* \* \* Mr. Rockliff's translation is easy and spirited. The volume has this great merit, that it reads well, and like an original.—Spectator, London: LONGMAN and Co. Liverpool: ROCKLIF and SONS.

**THE FALL of the CRIMEA, &c. &c.** Now ready, in small post 8vo, price 5s., cloth extra. **THE CRIMEA (the Fall of).** By CAPTAIN SPENCER. With Eight Illustrations. \* \* \* This work is now extremely important for the exact descriptions that it gives of the country of the Crimea. The River, the climate, and the adjacent heights, the towns of the Crimea, &c., are here fully described. All who would have a perfect knowledge of the Seat of War should read this work. \* \* \* GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and Co., Farringdon-street; and all Circulating Libraries in Town and Country.

**SEBASTOPOL, THE CRIMEA, &c. &c.** Now ready, small post 8vo, the 4th Thousand, price 6s., cloth extra. **SPENCER'S (Captain) TURKEY, RUSSIA, the BLACK SEA, and CIRCASSIA.** \* \* \* This work, besides conveying the very latest information, has numerous woodcuts and coloured Illustrations, and a new Map expressly revised from the latest Russian and Turkish authorities. \* \* \* The Public Press have universally recommended this work. \* \* \* London: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and Co., Farringdon-street; and all Circulating Libraries in Town or Country.

**IMPORTANT to AUTHORS.—NEW PUBLISHING ARRANGEMENTS.** **HOPE and CO., PUBLISHERS, 16, Great Marlborough-street, London,** have resolved to charge no Commission for Publishing Works Printed by them until the Author has been refunded his original outlay. They would also state that they print in the first style GREATLY UNDER the USUAL CHARGES; while their Publishing arrangements enable them to promote the interests of all Works entrusted to their charge. Estimates and every particular furnished gratuitously in course of post. HOPE and Co. 16, Great Marlborough-street.

**THE COURIER and CHURCH REFORM GAZETTE, No. 16,** is just published, price Sixpence, stamped, containing: Baptismal Fees—The Malice of Infidelity—Archdeacon Wilberforce and the Royal Supremacy—Church Reform League, Nos. 7 and 8.—The Pope and his Jubilee—Eustace Morvyn, a tale of the Church of the Last Century—Sir Sibby Cluel, a tale of 1852, by the Rev. Jacob Armitage—Literary and Ecclesiastical Antiquities: the Dean of Peterborough's sermon at the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots; her Behaviour and Execution; Important Trials relating to Church Matters—Original Country Sermons: No. I. Paul's Charge to Timothy—Handbook for Curates and Congregations—The Commercial Traveller and the Priest—concluding correspondence.—The News of the Day, &c. &c. London: HOPE and Co. 16, Great Marlborough-street.

**THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW,** No. V., price 6s., for October, contains: 1. Theodore Parker and the Modern Deists. 2. Life in Abyssinia. 3. American School of Ethnology. 4. Jerome Cardan. 5. Methodist Episcopal Church of America. 6. New Educational Measure for India. 7. Recent Roman History—Farini. 8. The Danes and Northmen in Britain. 9. The Crystal Palace. Brief Literary Notices. London: WALTON and MABERY, Upper Grosvenor-street, and Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row.







## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.—In the last Number, page 534, column 2, line 17, for obscure read obscure.

## NOTICE.

The next Educational Supplement will be published on January 1; and books and other school apparatus for which a notice is desired should be forwarded as early as possible, that the reviewers may have time to give them due consideration.

Persons engaged in education will be supplied by post from the office with the four numbers of the CRITIC containing the Quarterly Educational Supplements for one year, on transmission of two shillings in postage-stamps.

## NOTICE.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF BEAUTIFUL POETRY is now ready, containing the choicest passages in the English language. It may be had in plain cloth, price 5s. 6d.; in handsome binding of green and gold, or purple and gold, gilt edges, at 7s. 6d. The Second Edition of the First Volume is in the press.

A NEW ISSUE OF THE SECOND EDITION OF BEAUTIFUL POETRY, in Numbers at 3d., and Parts at 1s. Nos. I. to IV. and Part I. are now ready.

WIT AND HUMOUR, a gathering of the choicest in our language, is now complete in One Volume, price 4s. 6d. cloth.

A NEW ISSUE OF WIT AND HUMOUR, in Weekly Numbers at 3d., and Monthly Parts at 1s., are now ready.

## THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

## THE LITERARY WORLD:

## ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal," offers Rosalind, "like a saucy lackey," to her lover in the wood of Arden. She might have completed the bewilderment of the puzzled swain—who, by the way, evidently had no genius for conundrums—by asking him in conclusion, And who out strips Time after all, and arrives at the end of the year first? and telling him, when he gave it up, The publishers. Our ancient monitor has his scythe and hour-glass to carry for a good two months longer before he can reach the end of the year 1854; but the imprint of 1855 on the new books which are now beginning to thicken around us gives us warning that, for the purposes of literature, the new year may be said to have already commenced. Besides books which I have already announced, and which, though probably ready to appear, have been kept hanging back at the side-wings for the cue, the works advertised, or of which I hear as in preparation, present a variety affording material for the gratification of almost every description of taste. Sir DAVID BREWSTER promises us Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, to be edited from family papers—a more welcome contribution to scientific literature from such a pen could scarcely be imagined—and a new edition of his Essay on the Plurality of Worlds. Lord JOHN RUSSELL has successfully accomplished three more of his herculean labours; and the approaching publication of two additional volumes of MOORE'S Diary, and one of the Fox Papers, is the result. Messrs. LONGMANS have announced "The Common-Place Book of Thought and Feeling" of Mrs. JAMESON. A fine piece of mental autobiography this might be, coming as it does from a writer whose thoughts are always vigorous and sound, and what is equally important and even less common, unaffectedly and intelligibly expressed. This is a book to be looked for. Messrs. SMITH and ELDER announce a volume of Selections from the Diary of SEBASTIAN GIUSTINIAN, Ambassador from the Venetian Republic at the Court of HENRY VIII.—an autobiography of a different stamp; but which, if Ambassadors were as careful recorders of Court gossip in those days as they are very generally supposed to be now, will give us some pleasant winter evenings' reading, and it may, afford us, who know "some scandal about Queen Elizabeth;" and there is something pleasant to human nature, after all, in having holes picked in the coats of the Saints. To balance the Ambassador, in case his Excellency should prove prosy, we have pledge of an illustrated Christmas-book by Mr. THACKERAY, the illustrations, I am happy to see, by himself. Lord ELLESMERE, who it will be remembered, is president of the Geographical Society, has recently completed, for the "Hackluyt Library," a Translation of the Travels of Father VERBIEST and Father PEREIRA in Tartary, in the suite of the Emperor K'ANG HI—a curious record of early touring. A contemporary announces, also, a new Poem by his Lordship; but for such a rumour there is no other foundation than the fact that Lord ELLESMERE is now engaged in collecting into a volume the various poetical translations and original poems which have proceeded from his Lordship's pen in the

course of the last thirty years, some of which have been long out of print; and to these he will probably add some others, which, having been only privately printed, are, as yet, closed books to the great mass of the reading world. A Book for Children, sent over by WILLIAM HOWITT some months since from the Gold Country, has been secured by Messrs. HALL and VIRTUE, and is about to be published under the title of "Note-Book of a Young Naturalist in the Wilds of Australia." It is a pleasant sight to see Mr. HOWITT's name associated once more with that Book of Nature from which he has ever derived his truest inspirations, and which he has of late years deserted for less congenial subjects of study, or "metal more attractive." Mr. HERWORTH DIXON's work on the Domestic Life of England during the Commonwealth—a glimpse of which I have some recollection of having caught at a lecture of the author's, at the St. John's-wood Literary Institution—is announced for publication, and likewise a new Gipsy book, by Mr. BORROW. The late Major JONES, R.M., whose name may rest in the recollection of the novel-readers of some ten years ago, as the author of a rather powerful tale, called "The Schoolfellows," was engaged for some years previously to his death in the preparation of a record of English Naval and Military Victories. This work, after suffering many vicissitudes of fortune—the manuscripts having been stolen by a regimental servant in mistake for a pair of epaulettes, and finally traced to and recovered from a Jew fence, who gave it up easily, "the goods not being saleable in his market"—has found its way to its destination after all, and is about to be published, finally edited and god-fathered by Lieutenant NICOLAS, a brother of the late Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, who has judiciously selected his time, under the title of the "Calendar of Victory." Such are a few of the promises held out to us for the approaching winter. The *Athenaeum* anticipates, moreover, the long-expected volumes of MACAULAY'S "History of England." There is, however, I fear, not the slightest reason for hoping that Mr. MACAULAY, who has only just returned from a lengthened tour in Switzerland, will contribute anything but his regrets to our Christmas enjoyment.

From the time of the cobbler-philosopher who originated the great principle of the infallibility of leather for mural defences, to the more modern days of the musical genius who, upon being told that some one was a remarkably clever man, inquired what instrument he played—there has ever existed, as drags upon all broad thinking, a class of respectable but narrow-minded reasoners, to whom things around are utterly invisible, save through their own spectacles, and who view the world as though it were one of the new photographs, in which the whole of the picture is thrown into darkness to concentrate all the light on one individual person. The Earl of HARROWBY, in his inaugural address the other day, as President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, took occasion to observe upon the fact that the greater portion of the pensions granted in the past year, from the Civil List, had been bestowed for services rendered to Literature and Art, and to complain that the interests of Science had not been fairly dealt with by the Government in the distribution of these pensions. Now, it is always an ungracious duty to have to comment upon the relative claims of two classes—if two they can be called—intimately associated with each other by ties of brotherhood and good fellowship, no less than by community of object and sympathy of taste; and which, but for the untimely influence of "some damned good-natured friend" on one side or the other, might work on together, helping one another, in perfect harmony till the end of time. But, since Lord HARROWBY has thrown the apple of discord among the Muses, the best plan, in order to smother at once all disunion among those ladies, will perhaps be to pick it up and see what it is worth. Literature is the exponent, in every shape, of that knowledge and wisdom of which Science is but a single phase; and to claim for the latter—high and worthy as it is—the same amount of national recognition as is given to all other knowledge put together, is as though the ancients had given Urania the empire of half the world of knowledge, and left the remainder to be divided among her eight sisters. Upon an examination of the Pension Lists for the last half-dozen years, I find that out of a sum of 5665*l.* bestowed by the various Governments in recognition of the claims of the people's instructors, 2025*l.* has fallen to the share of Science and Scientific Literature, leaving 3640*l.* to meet the claims of Education, Art, History, Philosophy, Poetry, Fiction, the Drama, and everything else. Surely our scientific brethren have no very grave ground of complaint, unless upon the general plea that the amount is inadequate altogether, about which, indeed, there can be very little doubt. But, if Lord HARROWBY is really desirous that the claims of science upon the country for pecuniary aid should be more fully recognised, no one can know better than so old an official man as his Lordship that the only way by which this or any other object can be effected in this country, is by imposing upon the Government such a pressure of political influence as will force it to look into those claims, and justify it, in the eyes of the public at large, in dealing with them; and this Lord HARROWBY, and men in his position, have the power to do if they choose to exercise that power. Literature, Art, and Science feel, I am sure,

much honoured by the notice of Aristocracy; but they are, of course, not wholly blind to the fact that, if those members of it to whom it is agreeable to be associated in the public mind with the pursuits of intellect, and who have derived that honour they value most from the reputation of being its patrons, are really anxious to serve these pursuits and their working professors, there is a mode of doing so, honourable to both classes, more sound and more practical than even by presiding at our meetings, subscribing to our charities, and inviting us three times a year to official *soirées*,—viz., by the exercise of that influence which their position gives them for the advancement, of course where the claims are well founded, of the permanent interests of the classes in which they profess to interest themselves.

This being obviously a duty of all of us in our respective spheres, I venture to take in hand the true interests of a literary gentleman whose works, he tells us, "are universally praised," and who proposes, through the medium of the *Times*, to supply those of us who may require such luxuries, and may be deficient in "the faculty divine," with poetry, prose, and acrostics, at the modest charge of 1*d.* a line. He is likewise prepared, he states, to furnish anybody with a volume of poetry for fourteen postage-stamps; and, for the advantage of those whose temperaments combine susceptibility with economy, he has a love poem at their service for six. The advertisement concludes with an intimation of a desire "to obtain an engagement as an amanuensis, companion, librarian, or *analogous*!" Now it would seem true kindness to suggest, for the consideration of this aspirant, and rising authors of the same class, of whose existence I observe here and there many symptoms, that even the capacity for writing poetry and acrostics is but a poor compensation in these days for a want of the less recordable accomplishment of English grammar—to which, before attempting to write, it has usually been found necessary, even for the most undoubted geniuses, to devote some careful study.

Speaking of advertisements, I have occasionally observed that the seductive exhortations to the disposal of one's second-hand wearing apparel, which I noticed in my last paper in connection with a particular class of our modern "cheap literature," have held out, as an inducement to us, I suppose, to seize a favourable opportunity, that the goods were required for Australia! Whether Australia really buys Monmouth-street clothing we need not inquire; but I am happy to see that she is too wary to have anything to do with Monmouth-street *books*. I observe in a letter from that colony, printed in the *Booksellers' Intelligence*, the following satisfactory announcement:—"In Books, cheap reprints will not do; they must be good readable editions." There is common sense among the book-buying world at the Diggins, at all events—*floreat*!

A correspondent of the *Times* complains, and with much reason, that some literature which the Government is now issuing at very short intervals on topics of the most vital interest, is free enough from the imputation of being "cheap." The *Supplementary Gazette*, which are now being published, almost daily, with dispatches from the seat of war, are charged at the exorbitant price of 4*d.* for each sheet. It is surely right and proper that the public should have the opportunity of purchasing the official accounts of matters in which they are so deeply interested at the lowest price at which they can be produced; and there seems no reason why the regulation which restricts the price of parliamentary papers should not be extended to documents of this nature.

I hear, by the way, that the Poet Laureate is busied on an ode on the Battle of the Alma. WOLFE hymned CORUNA, BYRON Waterloo, and CAMPBELL Hohenlinden; but, with these exceptions, so far as I can remember, few of our poets have sung successfully of battle. I almost doubt if it be their vocation. There is better employment for the bard, after all, in these times, than to mingle with blood the waters of Helicon.

## THE HERMIT IN LITERATURE.

A LITERARY SCREW.—The late Sharon Turner, author of the "History of the Anglo Saxons," who received three hundred a-year from Government as a literary pension, wrote the third volume of his "Sacred History of the World" upon paper which did not cost him a farthing. The copy consisted of torn and angular fragments of letters and notes, of covers of periodicals, grey, drab, or green, written in thick round hand over a small print; of shreds of curling paper, unctuous with pomatum or bear's grease, and of the white wrappers in which his proofs were sent from the printers. The paper, sometimes as thin as a bank-note, was written on both sides, and was so sodden with ink, plastered on with a pen worn to a stump, that hours were frequently wasted in discovering on which side of it certain sentences were written. Men condemned to work on it saw their dinner vanishing in illimitable perspective, and first-rate hands groaned over it a whole day for tenpence. One poor fellow assured the writer of this paper that he could not earn enough upon it to pay his rent, and that he had seven mouths to fill besides his own. In the hope of mending matters in some degree, slips of stout white paper were sent frequently with the proofs; but the good gentleman could not afford to use them, and they never came back as copy.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## PHILOSOPHY.

*The Philosophy of the Infinite.* By HENRY CALDERWOOD. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1854.

ONTOLOGY, or the Science of Being, ought to be the grandest of all sciences, as it is the most inclusive; but hitherto no one has been successful in giving us, with any completeness, even the outlines of such a science. Ontology is not metaphysics, nor logic, nor dialectics, nor philosophy, nor ethics, nor physics, nor poetry, nor religion; but all these are its handmaidens, and they without it are, religion excepted, fragments or frivolities. Mythology was the rude beginning of the science, and symbolism the lustrous herald of its revelations, which, however, are yet in the far future. The ancients had the genius and the instinct of ontology; but they wanted the materials for carrying synthesis to its ultimates, they wanted the instruments for carrying analysis to its ultimates, and that one of the arts, music, which gives the divinest sense of universal harmony was with them eminently imperfect. The Greeks were not deep enough, perhaps not earnest enough, and they were too incurably rhetorical to reach or even to seek a science of being; but in ingenious schemes of being they infinitely abounded. Their poetic glories, their miraculous achievements in sculpture and architecture apart, the Greeks did little more than enrich the grammar of the human intellect, and clothe it with clearness and symmetry. Any faint groping toward an ontology was a simple reproduction of Oriental thought, and discredited of the first condition demanded by all ontology—a theocratic basis; for, properly, ontology is the vital consciousness of creation as of an Omnipotent theocracy. The Egyptians and the Hindoos were therefore nearer an ontology than the Greeks. As most modern speculation on the mysteries of existence is the mere revival of Greek subtleties without the melody of the Greek language, the magic of Greek style, the valour of Greek eloquence; and as, besides, modern civilisation tends so tragically to dismemberment, and modern thinking runs so childishly in the direction of the minute—ontology may be said to have receded instead of advanced. The French are great as philosophers and logicians; the Germans great as metaphysicians; the English great as dialecticians; the Scotch great as psychologists. Each of these nations does much to prepare, but nothing to build up, an ontology. The boldest attempt at an ontology in these last centuries was that of Spinoza; but even the warmest admirers of this calumniated man cannot pronounce it successful. It stands in the ages the Stonehenge of an audacious dream. In truth, till the synthetic sciences and the analytic sciences have alike accomplished their utmost, but have manifested at the same time their incompetency to take the place of religious faith, religious life, religious organisations—till religion becomes once more a potent and pervading presence, responding to and interpreting nature's every development, sanctifying a nation's every deed, transforming every individual into a priest of the most High God—there cannot be an ontology or science of being, because ontology and theology are identical, accepting this word in its noblest meaning. The condemnation of all recent endeavours toward an ontology is the studious avoidance of the theological ground, or lip-service the most dishonest, cowardly, and mean, to current creeds. The Hegelian compromises and accommodations are unspeakably detestable, and are ruinous to religion and to metaphysical science too. Can you heal the leprosy of unbelief by a pretended orthodoxy? Can you annihilate scepticism by an atheism ill disguised in an ecclesiastical garb? Let metaphysical science and the religious yearning each pursue its own path, till there can be a hearty and honest union between them. The union will be all the sooner the more the religious yearning is left to itself. Religion spurns a reluctant homage; especially does it spurn it from the things to which it is most related. But the circumstance that metaphysical science is obliged to simulate toward religion a reverence which it does not feel, is the reproach of the former, not of the latter. Religion may degenerate from

moral causes; but it can never so far degenerate as to be unworthy of worship from metaphysical science, unless this be narrowed into a dogmatism—starved into a pedantry. This it may be regarded as having in the main been ever since the time of Plato, who, instead of striving to make science sacred, or rather of searching for the root of science in religion, aimed at making religion scientific—a signal and fatal error.

Mr. Calderwood's work on the Philosophy of the Infinite is a resolute and laudable effort to break away from the small popgun sputterings of Scotch psychology. It is acute and able in parts, though defective as a whole. There is no conquering concentration, no crushing pith. The style is loose, slovenly, and feeble; and a dash now and then at the pathetic, the poetic, and the sublime, is ludicrous, though pity checks the smile. As an exposure of Sir William Hamilton's blunders, and a refutation of his heresies, the book is often successful; but when the author tries to construct a doctrine of his own, the failure is egregious and deplorable. Mr. Calderwood, like the famous scholar whom he so pertinaciously attacks, is a logician, not a metaphysician; and, eluding, or incapable of grappling with, or rather not perceiving, the metaphysical problems, he thinks he has surmounted obstacles and won victories when he has fired off battery after battery of logical quibblings, which have the one consummate disadvantage of being wholly uninteresting. As the alphabet of an ontology, Mr. Calderwood's treatise is absolutely worthless. Metaphysics alone cannot create an ontology; but every foremost metaphysician, in unveiling to us his metaphysical vision of ontology, offers us something as stimulating and refreshing as a new poem. We repeat that, not till a theocratic constitution of society renders the epic contemplation of a theocratic universe possible, can there be an ontology or science of being. But a man of fecund and daring metaphysical faculties like Schelling entranced us the more with his Titanic phantasies the more he betrayed his inability to erect an ontology. As to the questions debated by Sir William Hamilton, M. Cousin, and Mr. Calderwood, they have not the slightest importance, except in a logical relation. They have neither metaphysical suggestiveness nor ontological significance. To agitate them may improve logical nomenclature, promote logical precision—nothing more. Forcing us to view them in any other light is to drive us back to the dreary futilities of the schoolmen, who were mighty logicians, but wretched metaphysicians, and still more wretched ontologists. Humanity has neither time nor temper for a resurrection of that mediæval jargon. And the thinkers must henceforth be workers and battlers, if they wish the community to tolerate them. Determine to be exclusively a thinker, and you are sure to think wrong. Why choke yourself black in the face, as Mr. Calderwood does, with the inquiry whether time is an attribute of the Deity, or an infinite existence separate from the Deity? In such preposterous discussions you must sprawl on from slang to silliness, from silliness to slang ever and evermore. Are so many noble minds that in the long bygone generations squandered themselves on trivialities, not sufficient as a warning? Must countless gifted souls be sacrificed in the future as in the past, and not by others, but by themselves, to the god of absurdity? Immensely edified, no doubt, you must be in ascertaining whether the unconditioned, the absolute, and the infinite are identical, or which is the more inclusive term, or whether there is an unconditionally limited as well as an unconditionally unlimited. Except for the amusement of schoolboys on rainy days, when they cannot play cricket, is not this sheer imbecility? Do spiders suck their thumbs? Can frogs pick their teeth, if they have any, with their hind feet? How much sugar can a fly swallow without suffering from indigestion? Is the leap of a flea affected by the varying weight of the atmosphere? How many midges would it take to draw the carcase of a bluebottle? If a robin redbreast snaps up a chrysalis, does the undeveloped butterfly in his stomach tend to raise his spirits and to quicken his wings? These, verily, are as weighty subjects of investigation as most of those that occupied the schoolmen, or that make the brains and pens of their modern

imitators busy. Mr. Calderwood has so much real talent, is often so powerful, and always so fair a reasoner, that, however glad to see him bursting away from the trammels of Scotch philosophy, we should sincerely regret to see him wasting his scholarlike and accomplished mind on points so trifling as those the examination of which fills three-fourths of this book. We do not regard him as either a massive, or profound, or original thinker; but he was born for something better than to vanquish the fallacies of popular professors—crowding the scene of discomfiture with fallacies of his own.

What sweeps away remorselessly the pretentious pratings, the ponderous sophistries of the sciolists who, presuming on their logical dexterities, their syllogistic fencing and legerdemain, venture to grapple with the essentials of being, is the fact that we can know absolutely nothing of the Divine in either a logical, or metaphysical, or psychological sense. The Divine comes to us either radiantly, as living nature, or mystically, as religious inspiration, or miraculously, as personal experience. But the more abundant and transcendent the light which we thus receive, the more we shrink from calling it knowledge, either in the humblest or the most exalted meaning of the word. If so, how much less must the vain babblings of the schools deserve to be called knowledge of the Divine! We rejoice that the High and Holy One who inhabiteth Eternity is to us ever the Unknown God—all the nearer to us, all the more loved and adored, because the God unknown. We seek not to fathom the abyss of the Invisible; we seek not to rend the curtain of immensity. We accept the consoling yet terrible truth contained in the inscription at Sais:—"I am all that has been, all that is, and all that shall be, and no mortal has ever yet been able to lift my veil." But a God unknown is not a God unfelt. If he were, woe to poor travellers in their journey to the grave! Ask each pious soul, soaring to the heavens in ineffable ecstasy, or bowed to the dust by sorrow and affliction, whether he knows God; and he will tell you, that the more pantingly and trustingly he threw himself on the bosom of the Almighty Father, the more all knowledge of that Father seemed to recede from him. We begin by thinking that we can know Deity; we end by admitting that he cannot be known. What leads metaphysicians, logicians, and psychologists at once so lamentably and so ridiculously astray in regard to this tremendous reality, is confounding the conception, distinct or the contrary, which necessarily corresponds to every term, metaphysical, logical, or psychological, with knowledge. Where all is abstraction, how or where can knowledge be? The discussion can only be about the accuracy of terms, the clearness or the indistinctness, the adequacy or the inadequacy of conceptions, the completeness and the comprehensiveness of classification, or the want of these. But where in such matters is the standard of infallibility? Not surely in the schools where such matters are debated, but in the reason, alike speculative and practical, of the whole human race. As that reason determines the value of similar pursuits, it determines likewise a right and a wrong in their results. Mankind are Catholic, but no philosophy is so; and through being Catholic, mankind must and do give laws to philosophy—not philosophy to mankind. It is thus that mankind reject the finite, the infinite, and the long array of formidable words in which the schoolmen delight, if meant as the equivalents and pictures of universal human convictions. Who of us that has blood in his veins, and not Edinburgh mud, does not heartily detest these ghosts and skeletons, these crudities and cobwebs? The finite and the infinite, space and time in the philosophical acceptance of these two, causality and the absolute, are not the expressions of any natural idea. Man's natural ontology begins with the recognition of form, then proceeds to life, and then strives after some intelligent principle as the invincible perennial unity of the two; and the ideal but often unconscious enlargement of that unity in his bosom, is to him the universe. Do not bother him with all your fine phrases, all your subtle distinctions; he does not understand them—he will not take the trouble to understand them; and he is justified in his refusal; for he is



wiser and wider than you, and would be a fool to join your phantom dance. Even from this book a justification of such a refusal—a vindication of a human as opposed to an artificial ontology—may be drawn. Throughout its wearisome pages we do not remember that the word *Life* ever occurs. What tragical confession that it is a vast wilderness of death which we are invited to traverse! To mark our place in creation we are required to hammer nails into the coffin of an expiring Deity, out of whom we hasten to extinguish the last pulse, the last breath! We build a gloomy temple for gloomier worship with the bones of mouldering systems! Yes, Cousin and Hamilton, Calderwood and Kant, who cares which of you stands most gracefully on his head, or is the most trustworthy guide in a world of tombs? How dearer, how nearer the poetry, the feelings, the imagination, the eternal instincts of man!

The most ambitious chapter in this treatise is that on the Infinite Being as First Cause. As a piece of writing it is unpardonable slip-slop—no pith, no point, no glow, no geniality, no suggestiveness; it has got spindle-shanks, and walks with them in sickly and shambling gait. There are, however, frequent touches here, as all through the book, of Mr. Calderwood's very peculiar pictorialisms, which enliven as much as beholding the hoofs and the skin of a dead camel in the desert. Let Mr. Calderwood stick to his natural aridities and frigidities. Dismal and disheartening as they are, we prefer them to pictures created by a few sweeps of a besom that has been plunged in tar. Bad as the writing however is, it is not so bad as the logic; bad as the logic is, it is not so bad as the metaphysics; and how incomparably worse than the metaphysics is the ontology! Tiresome as our modern schoolmen uniformly are, what awful bores they become when twaddling to us on the nature of a Cause. We have no objection to cause, as a convenient word in the dictionary, any more than we have to the word cabbage in the dictionary; but when you hurl us down to the lowest depths of bathos—when you drag us through every labyrinth of boredom to discover the nature of a cause, you are cause in our nature of very explosive tendencies. We are proverbial for patience and gentleness; but do not expect us to be patient and gentle after that. Who, except yourself, cares one rush about the nature of a cause? Has a cause anywhere a nature, except in your own brain? Where all are crazy, one hallucination is just as good as another. Be satisfied with your particular hallucination; but do not poke it into my stomach. If it were a lively madness, I might be disposed for a few moments to share it. A madness, however, which makes a dull man like yourself far duller than he was before, is an article I would rather shun. Mr. Calderwood is exceedingly magniloquent, but most overwhelmingly dull, on the nature of a cause. Saving that he has poured forth fifty or sixty pages of gibberish, and made us yawn till we cracked one of the sinews of our neck, and broke the back of a chair which had stood, creaking but strong, the shock of many a stupid book before, Mr. Calderwood leaves the matter precisely where he found it. Thank God the printing is beautiful, or we know not how fatal the consequences might have been! Besides being dull, however, this chapter contains much that is positively pernicious. We hold that nothing in all ages has led so directly and disastrously to Atheism as the exhibition of the Deity as First Cause. We hold no less strenuously that any one who habitually contemplates the Deity as First Cause, cannot be possessed of the true religious spirit. No one is naturally an Atheist; and no one is ever driven to Atheism by religion in its grand natural aspects. Practical Atheism has its source either in the corruption of the individual, the corruption of society, or in the licentiousness and faithlessness of the priesthood. Speculative Atheism has always sprung, and will always spring, from the attempt to reduce God to a logical, a psychological, or a metaphysical phrase. To such a phrase he is degraded in an unparalleled degree when you speak of him as First Cause. Watch link after link the chain of causation, and the Universe vanishes into a prosaic inexorable mechanism, and in the most believing heart hideous doubts start forth to torture and appal. The notion, besides, of infinite sequence is too vast for ordinary minds—they stagger under the weight till it grows too heavy to be borne; and they embrace Atheism as a deliverance from a faith that has piled itself up into a burden and a crucifixion. Not as

First Cause, but as light, as life, as love, should God be spoken of to the mass of our race. In every man to whom you represent God as First Cause, you have planted a root of speculative atheism, which will burst into a poison tree sooner or later, kill his happiness, wreck the peace of his dear ones, and spread ruin and pestilence in society. The religious teachers of the people should, therefore, be shy of the alliance or the aid of the schoolmen. In the degree that these gain influence over religion must religion decay. At the time when the schoolmen flourished the most was the Papal Church most a leprosy and a lie; and good Thomas Aquinas, pious Christian as he was, knew not how much, by his hairsplittings, he was helping to overthrow those institutions to which he intended his scores of folios as bulwarks. The schoolmen are now offering to Religion the same service which they formerly offered to the Church. Religion must sternly refuse. Let her trust in herself, in her God, and in the healthy impulses and immortal aspirations of humanity, and she has nothing to fear. Looking away for a moment from the calamities that threaten us from the augmenting empire of the schoolmen over religion, and against which the elect—the true and beloved sons of God—the chosen and courageous champions of God—must battle: we think it may be easily shown how prompt and ignominious the defeat we may inflict on the schoolmen, meeting them on their own ground—using their own weapons—wherever we are good-humoured enough to let them enlarge to us on the nature of a cause. Is, as they assume, the idea of causation a habitual idea? Let any unprejudiced, intelligent man examine his consciousness, watch his experience, and he will confess that he is obliged to put himself in an artificial state in order to attain to the idea—that more habitual than the idea of succession is the idea of diffusion—that only by a most violent effort can he break succession into parts and view them as causes and effects—and that the use of the word consequences in preference to sequences triumphantly proves that succession is never naturally regarded apart from diffusion. Shut up the forlorn prisoner within dark dungeon walls, and give him a flower or a bird as his only companion, you compel him chiefly to behold objects in their succession; but how little will he be inclined, even while counting the fetters on his limbs, to count the fetters of causality too. So far from agreeing with this author that we necessarily think a First Cause, we maintain that we do not necessarily think even causation. Of course, while stating this, we are the foremost to asseverate that man—by the whole unspoiled instincts, the whole unchilled emotions of his nature—is impelled toward the throne of the Invisible.

The Scotch in general have prodigious skill and uncontrollable fierceness in theological polemics; but no warmth and fulness of religious life. Mr. Calderwood resembling them in the coldness and poverty of his religious feelings—never approaches the Great Spirit, even when not treating of him as First Cause, without saying something offensive—not from the language employed, but from the lowness and barrenness of the idea; and he is frequently most offensive when in speech and intention he is the most reverential. For instance, he must needs defend the Deity against lucid and eloquent, but shallow and conceited M. Cousin. The brilliant Frenchman has said that God was not only able, but necessitated to create. Here Mr. Calderwood confounds, as in his blundering way he invariably does, limitation with necessity. Now not merely are these two different, but they have nothing in common. Priestley, and the gang of Unitarians after him, who wrote on metaphysics without having any metaphysical genius, have perplexed this question for long ages. A cardinal principle, alike in religion and in philosophy, is that Nature and necessity are one. What follows from this principle is that everything must do what is in accordance with its nature. If it ceases to do what is in accordance with its nature, it loses, it departs from its nature—it is no longer the same thing. Now to reject this principle in its application to God, is to propound the monstrous and blasphemous doctrine that God can change at will his nature; that he can, according to caprice, be a quiescent or energising existence. It is not by an external fatality, or by fatality in any shape, that we suppose the Deity to be constrained; but, if we contend for the immutability of the Divine, we must scout the notion, at once impious and absurd, that God's potential and his actual can ever be divided from each other. The sublimest

passages of the Hebrew Scriptures are those which portray Jehovah, the Ancient of Days, as the same, unchangeably the same, from generation to generation, from eternity to eternity. But is he the same; is he unchangeable, if fresh potentialities continue at the intervals of long millenniums to break forth into operation? What is the outburst of a fresh potentiality, other than an addition to the attributes of God; and, if God's attributes ever receive increase, are you not subjecting him as much to the conditions of growth as if he were a plant or an animal? When the Divine One said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," there was the most pregnant, most pious expression of the agreement between God's potentiality and actuality—an agreement which all disciples of the utterer were urged to achieve in their own being and career. When, therefore, it is declared that God was not only able, but necessitated to create, nothing so extravagant is enounced or implied as that God is subjected to a foreign destiny. There is no interference with His freedom—no limitation of His doings. It is simply asserted that God's attribute as a Creator could not be, and that none of His attributes could be a mere indolent brooding on itself. To relegate God into the immeasurable remoteness of the past, and shut Him up in the solitary meditation of a Brahmin, is surely not to honour Him who is unspeakably adorable. We do not, however, approve M. Cousin's language on this point. To talk, as he does, of a First Cause necessitated, is really to talk of a First Cause caused, which is preposterous. Let us content ourselves with saying that, whatever is immanent in Deity always by necessity takes some form of emanation; that the emanation must always be in proportion to the immanence, and cannot vary from age to age or from world to world, but must always be the same in all ages and in all worlds. Now, is this not a far more cheering and consistent theory of the Deity and His manifestations than that which the schoolmen preach? It is natural enough for them to dream of Him as altogether such a one as themselves—heaping plan on plan before proceeding to activity. But is it not more consonant to whatever He reveals to us by intuition or otherwise of His essential qualities that, as He was ever the Deity, He was ever the Creating Deity, ever communicating light and life to innumerable creatures. This still leaves the history of our own earth, the authority of supernatural revelations, the validity of supernatural books, unaffected; and, in passing, it may be boldly stated that there is not a single passage in any of the books received as supernatural by Christians which weakens, or which, by the most ingenious interpretation, could be made to confute the idea of God's character and of God's creation which we earnestly uphold. And it is an idea which can be directed with equal force against the pitiful paradox recently set forth by Whewell, and which has attracted so much attention, as against the beggarly crotchets of the schoolmen. As we cannot divide God's potential from His actual in time, so neither can we divide them in space. As the former would imply an increase of God's attributes, the latter would imply a diminution thereof, and is the more degrading, as it is the more despairing doctrine of the two. God intensified to a point for the sake of Dr. Whewell is God sunk in mystical quietism everywhere else. We should thus have, not one God, but two Gods—a God of exaggerated activity, and a God of exaggerated repose. We leave others to dwell on the enormous sum of life, and beauty, and happiness, which is thus swept by the spurt of one heavy pen away. We have only to show how much the heartless, hopeless heresy wars with the immutable attributes of God. To reduce God to a chemical element which can be condensed in a Cambridge laboratory, is so grossly insulting to our most sacred feelings, that we marvel that the book containing the hideous phantasy was treated with anything but a scowl of contempt, a yell of disgust. We suppose that Dr. Whewell will next endeavour to show that Cambridge is the only town in the three kingdoms. And yet there are many who would shudder to believe what nevertheless is true, that the limitation of God in space is the logical deduction from his limitation in time. It is perhaps, therefore, well that some one has been found silly or impudent enough gravely to teach the gigantic absurdity. We are brought thus all the nearer and the sooner to the true doctrine, which lies deep in each man's heart, and which is old as humanity.

We had marked much else in Mr. Calderwood's book for comment; but we have not the courage to continue the painful task. We part from the author with unfeigned respect; though we have been obliged, from a sense of duty, to be so severe in our castigations. Let him abandon the dreary region of the schoolmen; and, if he has still the ambition to give his countrymen an ontology, he will find better materials in the ancient symbolisms, and the ancient mythologies, in his own generous heart, in the glens and the mountains of his own romantic land, and in the radiant, living universe, than in the ten million volumes which have been written on logic and metaphysics.

ATTICUS.

## HISTORY.

*The Queens before the Conquest.* By Mrs. MATTHEW HALL. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

MISS STRICKLAND commences her delightful "Lives of the Queens" with the Conquest. Matilda, the Queen of the Conqueror, is her first heroine. But there were queens in England before the Conquest, although the memories of them are few, and were only to be gleaned with great research and toil from chronicle and tradition. Probably it was the difficulty of the task that deterred Miss Strickland from perfecting her great work by presenting us, in a collected form, with all that history has preserved of the lives of queens, extending backwards from the Conquest through the times of the Danes and the Saxons, even to those of the Ancient Britons. It was, therefore, a brave enterprise in Mrs. Hall to dare a task which Miss Strickland had declined; and something more than thanks are due to her for it. That there were materials is abundantly proved by the two volumes before us; and no reader can peruse half a dozen pages without discovering that the work has not been lazily done. The authoress has thrown into it all her energies; and she has exercised a very sound judgment in the use which she has made of the crude matter that came into her hands in the course of her wanderings among the shelves of the British Museum. The sources of her information are described by herself as the Chronicles—which, if they contain many legends, are yet faithful painters of the times in which they were written—the Welsh bards, Gildas, and Geoffrey of Monmouth. Of necessity, the narratives cannot be so entirely trustworthy as those of later times; but whether they are true in every particular is of very secondary importance. If the legends owe something to the imaginations of the poets by whom most of them were preserved, still the actors in them are flesh and blood, and are clothed, and act, and talk, in accordance with the actual customs of the period; so much was necessary to the vraisemblance of the tales. After all, that is the main purpose of history: the bald fact that such a thing was done on such a day, is only important as an illustration of the only instructive part of history—what men thought and did at that time. This constitutes the charm of the *Lives of the Queens before the Conquest*, as of Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens* who succeeded that era. Indeed, like her predecessor, Mrs. Hall does not limit her biography to a narrative of the acts of her heroines, for they would have occupied but very few pages; but she has introduced a great deal of the general history of the time—almost to a history of the kings their husbands, and of the people over whom they reigned—insomuch that the work might well be read as the most instructive history we possess of the pre-Conquest period. She penetrates very far back into the early ages of our island; for she commences with the life of Cartimandua, queen of Cymbeline; and among many names that will be strange to readers not deeply versed in the Chronicles, will be found those of Boadicea, Rowena, and Ethelburga, the wife of Edwin the Great; of Ethelgiva, the ill-fated queen of Edwy the Fair; of Emma of Normandy, queen of Canute; of Editha the Good, the queen of Edward the Confessor; and, lastly, of Editha the Fair, the queen of Harold, the last of the Saxon kings.

In a book of this kind we do not look for graces of composition, but only for painstaking truthfulness and the exercise of a sound judgment, in the selection and use of the materials collected. These we find here, and nothing more. Mrs. Hall makes no pretension to writing as an art; and if she has no graces of style, she has the rarer merit of affecting none. It is pleasant to

meet with a book that makes no endeavour to be fine—that tells its story in plain and homely language; and certainly we look upon that quality in Mrs. Hall as a merit, which many readers will doubtless deem a defect.

It should take its place on the shelf by the side of Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens," to which this is almost a necessary introduction. It makes complete that which Miss Strickland left incomplete.

THE 5th vol. of Mr. Bohn's valuable edition of *Gibbon's History of Rome*, with the notes gathered from every available source, home and foreign, has just been issued. It continues to deserve the title of being the edition of Gibbon, which every man who can afford it (and it is very cheap) will put into his library in preference to any other.—The 7th vol. of the *Illustrated History of England* commences Smollett.

—The decision in the Great Copyright case, which was in precise accordance with the views which we had been alone among the press in advocating, has produced already abundant fruits. American authors are beginning to ask for protection, and to talk of an international copyright as the terms on which they can obtain it. Messrs. Routledge have lost no time in giving to us cheap editions of the best American books hitherto supposed to be protected. Here we have Prescott's *History of Ferdinand and Isabella* in two volumes, very neatly printed, for four shillings. The other works of the same author are to follow; and more delightful histories were never written than Prescott's. Messrs. Routledge promise a flood of famous American books.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*The Life and Correspondence of Charles Lord Metcalfe, late Governor-General of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor-General of Canada; from unpublished Letters and Journals, &c.* By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

(Continued from p. 538.)

WHEN Deeg had fallen, Lord Lake marched on Bhurtpore. Bhurtpore was the strongest of the Indian fortresses, and was reputed impregnable. So at this time it appeared to be. Four times the English troops were repulsed from its walls. Not till many years later—when Metcalfe himself, then a second time Resident at Delhi, suggested and co-operated in the siege—did the English ensign wave over the relics of its towers. Lake turned the siege into a blockade; routed a formidable force that marched to its relief; and was reckoning confidently on taking the place, when the news arrived from Calcutta that the Rajah had accepted terms, and that peace was concluded.

So Metcalfe, finding himself no longer required to "nurse the King's officers," was thinking of returning to Government-house. Lord Wellesley was sailing for England; and Charles longed to render generous homage and parting thanks to his benefactor. But a certain Colonel Malcolm convinced the young diplomatist that, without detriment to his character for gratitude, he would do wisely to remain and fight his battle in the wide field of civil distinction that was now opening in Central India. He yielded to this logic, and wrote a warm and earnest letter of thanks to the "glorious little man," who had, indeed, well deserved it by educating and starting Metcalfe on his career. Their friendship remained ever after undiminished; and when Sir Charles Metcalfe, ex-Governor-General of India, returned to England more than thirty years afterwards, one of the first and greatest of the pleasures of his return came in a meeting with Lord Wellesley and his brother the great Duke, and a conversation on their Oriental recollections of these early days.

The peace was unpopular, as every peace is unpopular, in the camp. Metcalfe felt the military ardour, and wrote indignant letters to his friends at Calcutta. The peace was "inglorious," unstable, disgraceful. So thought the army, and so thought Metcalfe. But Metcalfe's postscript destroyed his argument. "Send us money: we want money," was the tenor; and the Company just then had no more money to send. Lord Cornwallis, the new Governor-General, had been sent out expressly to construct a Peace policy for the relief of the financial embarrassments. It was thought—most unjustly—that his predecessor had been too martial in his propensities. So Lord Lake's occupation was taken from him—Lord Lake, who, like a true soldier, thought the state of nature a state of war; and whose military code of education and conduct was contained in

the apophthegm, "D— your writing; mind your fighting." The army went into cantonments—and Charles Metcalfe started as assistant to the Resident Envoy at Delhi, or (as he always spelt it, to the admiration of his old tutor Dr. Goodall) Dillhee.

He was now in his twenty-second year, and a ripe diplomatist. It was time that he should be so; for his duties began to be of a delicate as well as an onerous nature. Delhi was the capital and palace of the Great Mogul. There, shorn of all the substance, but retaining all the lustre of empire, the last Merovingians of the East slumbered in their seraglios. Externally, all homage—all honour—all supremacy was his. The Company held him as their vassal, but bowed down to him as their master. 200,000*l.* a year, paid regularly, was the consideration-money given for the virtual sale of this gorgeous empire. But while everything was done in the name of the Rajah, all magistracy and final resort lay at the knees of the Company's representative, the Resident; and when Metcalfe joined the station, the gentleman who held this office had carried to the extreme every deferential attention by which the pangs and wounded vanity of fallen royalty could be alleviated.

Metcalfe, with all his natural delicacy, thought that of the Resident excessive, and even dangerous. An alarming riot, which the new Assistant-Resident was first and foremost in quelling, demonstrated the wisdom of his fears. On this phase of Metcalfe's character there will probably be divided views. He never attempted to justify the systematic progress of English intervention in Indian affairs. On the contrary, when he had become a member of the Supreme Council, he expressed a strong sentiment against such a policy. But he thought, most wisely, that when intervention had begun, it was weakness and madness to stamp it with a character of uncertainty and vacillation. He entertained also a strong opinion of the total unfitness of the Indian races for self-government. And, although his was not a casuistry to defend iniquity by expediency, none could be more alive to the difficulty of solving satisfactorily, on any but practical principles, the great providential missions and political problems of European progress and colonisation. He took facts as they existed, societies as they were constituted. He was for advancing, because he thought it the only way to avoid a retreat. He left his philosophy in his closet, and devoted himself manfully to the intelligible and practicable work of preservation and amelioration.

When the Delhi Assistant had been two years at his post, and had earned a name for ability and assiduity which was the talk of Government-house; a third Governor-General, Lord Minto, was looking apprehensively towards the countries beyond the Sutlej and the Indus. There roamed the vast predatory hordes of the great Sikh nation, under the sovereignty of the wily Rajah Runjeet Singh. It was thought that France, co-operating with Persia and aided by the Sikhs, might descend on the fair provinces of British India. To avert the contemplated junction, Metcalfe was sent as special ambassador to Runjeet, and instructed to employ every weapon of diplomacy to gain his end. He was to travel with military escort, and a full suite; but to act unhampered and unaided by counsellors. The young man had recently entered on his twenty-fourth year, and might well be proud of the estimation that had placed him on such a mission. But he proved himself equal to it; and Oriental guile found its overmatch in European tact and honesty. Metcalfe had always a very peculiar, but very successful mode of dealing with insincerity and falsehood. He did not parry with similar weapons; but pressed home his own genuine views so dexterously and manfully that, even when defeated—which was not often the case—his defeat had none of the ignominy of a failure. So while Runjeet, from day to day and week to week, was spending every native and acquired art in attempts to circumvent the young envoy; the latter coolly, patiently, and with admirable temper bided his time—conciliated and threatened at the true critical moments—and finally concluded the desired treaty.

His reputation was made. He had started well. He had passed rapidly up the first and most arduous steps to fortune and distinction; and, although not yet a great man—which he had resolved to be—he was henceforward marked for certain and progressive preferment. Lord Minto sent for him to compliment and consult him. He



became for a short time the Governor's assistant-secretary. Then followed a mission, equally brief, to the court of his old enemy, Scindiah; and this was succeeded by his presentation to one of the most dazzling prizes in the civil service. The Residency at Delhi was now vacant; and the ex-Assistant, bearing Lord Minto's diploma, at the age of twenty-six, re-entered the Imperial City, as Resident.

He was now in possession of rank, and was aspiring to wealth. Notwithstanding all the cant of philosophers against riches; and notwithstanding that Metcalfe was, to a great extent, himself a philosopher of the old régime; he had an honest and a manly sense that money and independence are all but synonymous and convertible terms. He felt also that, of the imperfect criteria which life affords of worldly desert, the accumulation of a fortune is far from being the worst; and that it symbolises better than anything else the results of methodical, consistent, and indefatigable industry. We do not apprehend that this subordinate ambition will lower him in the eyes of any well-judging critic. He had mapped out the future of his life. He sought to serve his country, and utilise his whole career; and to do so, he was rightly resolved to build on a secure foundation of personal independence.

There was little danger of his prudence becoming parsimony. The Delhi Resident drew a splendid salary, and determined to lay by a certain sum monthly. But when he came to strike his ordinary balances, he found it impossible to curtail materially those large items that figured on his debtor-sheet as gifts to charities, poor pensioners, and friends, whose names his delicacy only intimated by initial letters. That large and generous heart impaired sadly the conclusions and resolutions of that provident and capacious brain. His hospitality was princely, as became the representative of his nation. And of that position and its duties—even in externals—none had a higher or more chivalrous sense through life than Charles Metcalfe. So the reserve-fund at first was a failure; then it was remodelled, and became a success; and when, after thirty-eight years of life in India, he returned to England, he had the satisfaction of bearing with him a noble fortune, which had been acquired without the memory of an action to excite a blush—without an omission to tarnish a character for unbounded liberality.

Yet Metcalfe, though now almost great, was far from being happy. Wealth and honours were flowing in; but still the something prompted a frequent, if not an eternal sigh. Rarely had fortune regarded an Indian adventurer with a more consistent smile of expanding benignity. Was that early disappointment, that boyish fancy, still ranking at the core? He had been eleven years absent from England at the time when he wrote to his aunt the letter to which we have already referred, and of which the following is an extract:—

Why should you make yourself and William miserable by parting never perhaps to meet again? Why doom him to transportation from everything dear to him? What is there in India to recompense for such sufferings? Fortunes, as you justly observe, are not made rapidly. Take my situation. I have been more than eleven years from England; and it will be certainly more than eleven years before I can return. In these twenty-two or twenty-four years the best part of my life will have passed away—that part in which all my feelings will have been most alive to the different sensations of happiness and misery arising out of different circumstances. I left my father and mother just as I became acquainted with them as a man. I have not once had their cheering smile to encourage my labours in my profession. When I return, should they both be alive—which I pray to God that they may be—I shall, indeed, have the happiness of attending on their declining years; but, alas! how much cause shall I have to lament that I was doomed by my fate not to see them from the days of boyhood to those of their extreme old age? But suppose that they should not be alive—and when one considers that my father must live to be eighty to allow me to see him again, it is enough to make one tremble, though I still hope—suppose, I say, that they should not be alive, what will then be my situation? The thought is too horrible to dwell upon. See my sisters? I left them children. I shall find them old women—married, perhaps, into families which will not care one farthing about me, and whose habits it will not suit me to associate with. Take the worst, and what a melancholy situation I may be in when I return to England! Where will be my connections, my friendships, and even my acquaintance? Unknown in society, and even shunned as being an Indian, I certainly will never push my way into the

society of fine lords and ladies, who may turn up their noses and think me highly honoured by being in their presence.

Strong-minded Mrs. Metcalfe, if she saw this letter, must have canvassed the propriety of sending out Charles another box of pills; and Charles would probably have ordered physic in his case to be thrown to the dogs. Whether the physiologist or the psychologist would have the best of the argument, it is certain that Charles was far from content. He longs for home almost as much as when Miss D— was fresh in his mind; and we fear that at this period, the one ineffaceable image—the one fatal remembrance—no longer threw its bleak shade on either his joys or his woes. There is no allusion to her; but he tells his aunt that he shall never marry, for he no longer believes in harmonious and kindred spirits. A kind, gossiping, confidential, good old aunt this must have been. He would not have dared, we will answer for it, to talk such sentiment to Mrs. Metcalfe. He yearns to return to England; but fears, after all, that his epitaph will be like "the gentleman who died of stopping one year longer:—"

Here lies Mr. Wandermere,  
Who was to have gone home next year."

When his younger brother comes out, it is the same vein:—

Tom is arrived . . . . . Poor fellow! He has a long time before him; but, perhaps, not longer than I have. It is not improbable that I may remain eighteen or twenty years more. . . . . I cannot say that I approve of the plan of sending children out to India for all their lives. There is no other service in which a man does not see his friends sometimes. Here it is perpetual banishment. There was a good reason for sending sons to India when fortunes were made rapidly, and they returned home. But if a man is to slave all his life, he had better do so, in my opinion, in his own country, where he may enjoy the society of his friends, which I call enjoying life. . . . . Do not suppose that I am discontented, and make myself unhappy. It is my fate, and I am reconciled to it. The time may come, if ever I am able to set myself down at home with a comfortable fortune, when I shall confess that my destiny was a favorable one, and shall be able to look back to past annoyances with composure. But can anything be a recompense to me in this world for not seeing my dear and honoured father, from the days of my boyhood to the day of his death—and, perhaps, the same with regard to my mother? I think not—decidedly not. At present, notwithstanding my uncommon good fortune, I am not convinced that it is conducive to a man's happiness to send him to seek his fortune in India.

All this may be only poor querulous human nature—the grumbling of the characters in Horace's first satire. But we give these passages not only to serve as consolation to those whose fathers are not in a position to bring them up to be Governors-General; but as showing the stuff of which Metcalfe's heart was made; and how the warm tide of human feeling, and perhaps of human folly, flowed under the indurations and external ossifications of the diplomatist's life. And it must always be remembered, by sneerers and smilers, that, if Metcalfe felt on many points like a boy—if he continued to love his relations and friends, as he loved them through life, with a childlike depth and sincerity, and unaffected simplicity—the man, the diplomatist, the statesman, was always ready and vigilant at his post to encounter, to grapple with, and to overcome, the most astute and cold-blooded professors of worldly chicanery. He worked out well, and exemplified well the truth of the German poet's axiom, that we should *feel* as enthusiasts, and *see* as the worldly-wise. And men such as Metcalfe have never been wanting, with power to expose and crush, and overwhelm even with merciless ridicule when necessary, those titular "men of the world" who mistake their own callosity for wisdom, and the sensibilities of their neighbours for weakness.

We must pass rapidly over the remaining events of Metcalfe's Indian career. When the first difficulties of a life are overcome, much of the interest in its progress, whether in truth or fiction, ceases. Prosperity seldom presents many salient points for narrative.

Metcalfe's great object, during his residence at Delhi, was the readjustment and settlement of the Central Indian States. The Mahrattas and Pindarrees were a constant source of apprehension. The Rajah of Bhurtpore was equally dangerous as friend or foe. Metcalfe had studied the question deeply; and the result was a conviction in his own mind—which he communicated in a most able minute to Lord Moira, the then Gover-

nor-General—that, in the event of impending circumstances, the substantive states of Central India, especially the Pindarrees, must be annihilated. To make this proposition intelligible to European ears, it must be remembered that the people of those countries were very much what the Burmese pirates are now. Metcalfe's views were approved by Lord Moira, and sanctioned in Leadenhall-street.

War to the knife was declared against the Pindarrees at the beginning of the year 1817; Lord Moira, now Lord Hastings, took the field in person; the Pindarrees were exterminated; the Mahrattas prostrated; and Central India lay mute and powerless under the heel of Great Britain.

Metcalfe now became private and political secretary to Lord Hastings. He removed to Calcutta, worked harder than ever, and also found time to plunge into a little harmless dissipation. "I have been raking," he writes at this time, "terribly, and know not where it will stop; for, to confess the truth, I find I rather like it." But the position was not to his content. "He had a natural taste for kingship. It pleased him best to be his own master. He had for many years been habituated to independent command. At Delhi, he had been lord paramount, without a rival. At Calcutta, he was one of many—a minister among ministers." Colonel Malcolm had also increased his restlessness, by reviving the idea of making Central India a great agency. It was thought for a time that this would be done, and that Metcalfe would have the appointment. But the scheme was dropped; and the Hyderabad residency became vacant. It was offered to Metcalfe, who gladly resigned for it his golden servitude at Calcutta.

But, if Delhi was no sinecure, Hyderabad was a labyrinth of difficulties. Metcalfe fought his way through them manfully and skillfully; but, without sowing wind, was destined to reap only the whirlwind. The great problem was financial. Rajah Chundoo-Lall was a stipendiary of the Company, and exceeded his income. The great house of Palmer and Co., at Calcutta, had assisted him with loans at usurious interest, which had fallen into arrears—had been capitalized—and subjected to every form of arithmetical progression, that the most extended principles of simple and compound interest could suggest. The Palmers were supreme at Calcutta. Lord Hastings himself was of affinity to them. And now another connection, a Sir William Rumbold, had come out from England, eager to make a fortune by the shortest possible means. New projects for pillaging the unfortunate Rajah were in hand: when Metcalfe sternly and steadfastly, not only set his face against the system, but exposed its iniquity, and employed every means in his power to free the victim from the meshes. But oriental morality is not European. The virtue of Calcutta was roused against Metcalfe. The Governor-General averted his face from him; invective and calumny were the portion of the reformer. Some would have yielded; some might even have sunk under it, and turned their faces to the wall and died. But Metcalfe, just and tenacious of his upright purpose, feared not the fury of citizens who preached and sheltered depravity. He did not do all that he would; but he did much; and he had the good man's consciousness of good to console him for his inability to do more.

Now there came out Lord Amherst as Governor-General. He, like all his predecessors, found Metcalfe one of his best councillors. The Hyderabad Resident was restored to his former post at Delhi; and his second tenure of office there was signalled by that capture of Bhurtpore, which he had formerly suggested, and which he now inspected. At length, in 1827, he attained the great prize of the Indian civilian. He was nominated a member of the Supreme Council of India. Now, "it was his privilege to take his seat at the same Board with the Governor-General—to write minutes on every possible subject of domestic administration and foreign policy—to draw a salary of 10,000*l.* a year—to be addressed as an 'honourable'—and to subscribe into a nonentity."

#### THE SUPREME COUNCILLOR.

At this time, according to the constitution of the Supreme Government, the Council consisted of the Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, and two members of the civil service. Lord Amherst was still Governor-General. Lord Combermere was Commander-in-Chief. Metcalfe's civil colleague in the administration was his old and esteemed friend William Butterworth Bayley. To be a member of

the Supreme Council of India is to be almost anything that the incumbent of the office pleases to make himself. It may be to live in a state of somnolent bewilderment, idly dreaming of a prodigious array of state affairs flitting obscurely before him; to be haunted by shadows of public business which he seldom even attempts to grasp; to give a few ill-considered opinions in council, and out of it to write a vast number of ill-shaped initials on the back of state-papers which are sent round for his perusal. Or it may be to perform the functions, zealously and indefatigably, of an over-worked public servant, scorning delight, and living laborious days, amidst the mass of business that crowds upon him for its discharge; to begin early and to end late, and yet never to feel that his duties have been adequately performed; to write much and to read more; to combat others' opinions, and to enforce his own; to be continually emulating the penal servitude of the Titan, and forcing the great rock of public business up the ascent only to see it roll back again to his feet. It may be, on the one hand, the *otium-cum* of the park-girt palace or the river-side villa; or, on the other, the stern, joyless life of the galley-slave, all comprised in the one word—Work. Attended by the secretaries, the Governor-General meets the members of Council on certain given days—say twice—in every week. All the multifarious concerns of government requiring adjustment in the different departments of state—in the political, the military, the financial, the judicial, &c.—are then cursorily discussed and decided. But the real business is done at home, on the other days of the week, when the Government messengers are continually presenting themselves at the houses of the members of Council, bearing certain official-looking, oblong boxes, containing state-papers to be examined and minuted by the Councillors. Rough-hewn by the secretaries, important despatches, or minutes and memoranda on which despatches are to be based, are sent round for inspection and approval. Then the member of Council either writes his initials on the draft, and passes it on without further comment, or he seats himself down to his desk, and draws up an elaborate minute on the subject. These minutes take the place of speeches delivered by the members of popular assemblies. They contain an expression of the individual opinions of the writer, supported by such facts and such arguments as he can bring to his aid. Thus it is, as was said by a distinguished living statesman, that “eloquence evaporates in scores of paragraphs.” But the paragraphs have often more of “eloquence” in them than the halting sentences which make up the oral discourses which would appropriate the name. Now, it is just in proportion as the contents of these boxes of state-papers are examined and commented upon by the member of Council, that his life is one of dignified ease or interminable toil. Metcalfe soon found that this was the latter. He had a habit, on all occasions, of thinking for himself. It was a habit formed very early in life, which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, and was not now, at the age of forty-three, to be eradicated. He had always been a laborious man of business. He shrunk from no amount of personal toil. He gave himself heart and soul to the public service; and he believed that it was his duty to work as long as there was any work to perform. When he entered the Supreme Council he determined to take his stand upon his own knowledge and experience and sense of right—not to be the servile follower of governors-general, or the passive tool of secretaries—but an independent member of the Government, freely expressing his own opinions, and never becoming, even ministerially, participatory in wrong, without emphatically protesting against it. He wrote, therefore, a great number of minutes. He was often, too, in the minority; but he said that he could not command success, and that he was not to do his duty less steadfastly because the pursuit of it often involved him in failure. And, as he had a high sense of his official duties, so also his social obligations as a member of the Government were not lightly regarded. He looked upon the exercise of hospitality, not as a virtue in his elevated position, but as a duty which it was incumbent on him to discharge. His spacious residence at Garden-Reach—that beautiful river-side suburb, with its white villas and its green lawns—was continually occupied by strangers, with only some slight claim on his bounty; by passing travellers arriving from, or departing for, England, bearers of letters of introduction to Sir Charles Metcalfe—people for the most part with whom he had little sympathy, but whom he ever entertained as a prince. Then his dinner-parties were the best, and his balls the most numerous attended in Calcutta; and everybody said that such noble hospitality was almost without a parallel even in the most lavish of times. But all this was, in truth, distasteful to him. It was supposed that he took pleasure in society—that he was happy in a crowd—that he was never more at home than in the banquet-room. But he was continually yearning after the companionship of a few beloved friends, or, failing that, solace, after solitude and a book. There was something unsatisfying in this mode of life. He gave himself up wholly to public business and to hospitality; but such was the pressure of the one, that he felt his inability adequately to sustain it; and such were the claims of the other, that he often re-

proached himself for having insufficiently discharged them. He could not do all that he desired either in one direction or the other, and was incessantly battling, therefore, against time and against space.

Such was the golden bowl when gained: all ready cracked, if not broken at the fountain.

Thus, also, he writes to an intimate friend at this time:—

I wish that I could exchange habits with you, and see as little of strange faces as you do; for the longer I live the less I like strange faces, or any other faces but those of friends whom I love. The parties which have attracted your notice are given as matters of duty proper in my station; and, finding that I had not time to issue invitations repeatedly, I have sent them out, once for all, for a ball on the third Monday in every month, which is always a moonlight night. My conscience is satisfied; and, if people be amused, I shall derive pleasure myself from that cause. I am in good health and good spirits, but live almost entirely devoid of those sympathies which constitute the delights of life; and, in that respect, am more in mental solitude than yourself; for you, no doubt, find sympathy in some of your books.”—[December 20, 1828.]

I am withdrawing myself more and more from public intercourse, and am only wanting an opportunity to shake off the remaining shackles and become entirely a recluse; since neither is the performance of public duty compatible with the waste of time in society, nor is knowledge of men's characters in general compatible with that respect for them without which society has no pleasure in it. I am becoming every day more and more sour and morose and dissatisfied. When you speak of your feelings on your expected return to Delhi, compared with what they were on your first coming there, you remind me—not that reminding is needed, for the recollection is always fresh—of times and scenes and friends, with which and with whom the memory of real heartfelt happiness, which can never return again in the same form, and never perhaps in any form, is closely combined. My life now is quite different, and without a glimpse of the same enjoyment which we had when so many were united together in bonds of affectionate attachment and habits of continual intercourse. . . . All my letter-writing now takes place at night; and I am glad when I can get a night to myself for the purpose. On these occasions I avoid a formal dinner, take a sandwich and a pint of claret in the twilight, when too dark to read, in the open air; and take to my desk as soon as candles are lit.—[March 28, 1829.]

I find myself a lonely being in Calcutta. I do not mean as to general society. I both give and attend parties occasionally; but the habit is becoming less frequent as the cold weather departs, and I am already more myself than I used to be. But when I said I was lonely, I meant as to my feelings, and this more especially in my official situation. . . . I am personally on good terms with my colleagues, although nearly provoked once or twice into heat. But the long and the short of it is, that I stand quite alone among them, and feel that I am not likely ever to be otherwise, and that, in fact, every day tends to widen the separation. This conviction operates on my conduct. I am getting more and more into the habit of regarding co-operation as a thing not to be expected, and of putting forth my sentiments in minutes, to take their chance of making their way or not. I write more and read council papers less, for it is impossible to do both. Out of council the prospect is not more brilliant. I am regarded as a relentless hewer and hacker of expenditure, and am sensible of black and sour looks in consequence. Still, I am well and happy! I feel that I stand alone; but I also feel that I know the path of duty, and am endeavouring to pursue it. Our expenditure exceeds our income by more than a crore of rupees (a million sterling.) The Government which allows this to go on in time of peace deserves any punishment. The Government of which I am a part shall not allow it. The cause gives me irresistible power, and I will force others to do their duty. With all this, I have to defend and struggle for, good soldiers, whom others would turn adrift; and here, perhaps, I shall ultimately fail, although, as yet, I have succeeded in delaying their fate against a majority bent on disbanding them. . . . This, perhaps, is silly boasting. It is, however, what I feel.—[March 8, 1828.]

(To be continued.)

*The Earnest Student: being Memorials of John Mackintosh.* By the Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THESE “memorials” are compiled by the Rev. Norman Macleod, according to the model given in the “memoirs” of John Foster, Doctors Arnold and Chalmers. The editor makes selections from the journals and letters of John Mackintosh, and arranges them into something like chronological order, and in this way he endeavours to give his compilation the aspect and air of an autobiography. Whether or not this, after all, is the best way for perpetuating the

memory of a man, may admit of very serious doubt. This plan, like every other, depends for its proper execution on the insight, judgment, and catholicity of the biographer. Where these are wanting, the result will be, as in the present case, one-sided and unsatisfactory.

Mr. Macleod seems incapable of giving us an impartial estimate of the life and character of Mackintosh. He is under the influences of very strong prejudices, which in some form or other make themselves too apparent in every page of his “memorials.” In making the selections from the diary of his friend, the reverend gentleman seems to have been guided by motives of an official or sectarian order. In his hands Mackintosh is much “given to prayer.” For a long period he appears to have almost complied with the Apostolic injunction, “Pray without ceasing;” and it is somewhat amusing to find with what punctuality Mr. Macleod records his prayers and Sunday experiences, to the exclusion of almost everything else. Perhaps we have no right to complain of this; for few clergymen of the Free Kirk order can speak or write without the gown and bands, and the “hoo-hoo of predetermined pathos.” But we do protest against this official and arbitrary standard as the only one whereby a genial and loving, and in many respects simple nature, like that of John Mackintosh, is to be tested. Perhaps we should not have thought it necessary to speak in these terms of the present biographer, had it not been for the pretentious title of his book, and the inflated tone of its preface, in which he says, “As far as I know, there is here a biography as true as can be written of (sic) one fallible man of another.” We hope we may congratulate ourselves that, so far as true biographies are concerned, the Rev. Norman Macleod does not know many.

John Macintosh was born in Edinburgh in 1822; when quite a child he was removed to Geddes, and at six years of age he returned to Edinburgh, where he remained for nine years, prosecuting his studies at the “New Academy,” with a success which has been “unrivalled in the history of that institution.” In 1837 he entered the University of Glasgow, where he “carried the highest prizes in the Greek, Latin and Logic classes, besides other honours.” Hitherto he is represented as a bright, cheerful, amiable, and in every way attractive youth; with a nature open to all good impressions, and closed against all bad ones. But at this time a change came over him. Like many young Scotchmen, Mackintosh felt himself “called upon” to make a profession of Christianity; and then followed the not uncommon consequence, a “call to the ministry.” From this date he commences to keep a diary, and, judging from the extracts given, devotes himself to theology, and strives, like a Scotchman, to “conquer the world, the flesh, and the devil.” In the midst of this conflict, and supplied with such weapons as pious Scotland affords her sons, John decamped to Cambridge, and was enrolled as a student of Trinity. There he remained for a short time—very “diligent” in his studies, and “fervent” in reading the accounts in the *Witness* newspaper of the Non-intrusionists, until he finally resolved, after “long, patient, and prayerful deliberation, to cast in his lot” with the Free Kirk ministers. In consequence of this decision he returned to Scotland, and enrolled himself as a theological student under Dr. Chalmers. The pupil most readily entered into the various schemes of his teacher, became a visitor in the West Port, Glasgow, and took an active part in the many exciting events of the day. His health broke down; to recruit which he went to the North, and finally betook himself, for leisure and study, to the Continent, where he continued until his death in 1851.

Judging from the letters of Macintosh, he was genial, loving, ingenuous, and calculated in many ways to attract true and simple-minded people to himself. In his own small way he was a great admirer of natural scenery, a lover of his own native country, fond of music and painting, on all of which topics he can talk pleasantly enough, without manifesting any very great depth of perception, or warm poetical feeling. There is nothing whatever in the whole book to warrant the Reverend Norman Macleod in styling him an “earnest student.” Now and then we have a smart saying, as when he speaks of a certain Irish acquaintance, whose head seemed to contain nothing but “potatoes and buttermilk”—but nothing really worth remembering respecting any one book, man, or thing. His knowledge of books, especially of the best, seems to have been very limited; and his reflections on natural scenery, and on the circumstances which came under his notice at Rome, Stuttgart, and elsewhere, are pleasantly narrated in his letters. In reading these “Memorials,” we have been most fully convinced of the narrow-mindedness, the want of judgment, and excessive bad taste of the Reverend Norman Macleod. It would appear that Mackintosh said to his sister or some one just before his death, when various questions were during that most exciting time wisely or unwisely being put to him, “Bury me beside Chalmers;” and, because of this, Mr. Macleod, forsooth, must give his readers as a frontispiece the churchyard at Morning-side, with the tombs of Thomas Chalmers and John Mackintosh in the foreground!! Disgusting as this is, the questions Mr. Macleod officially put to his friend a short time before his death are infinitely more so. John would have reckoned him a miserable comforter.



*Life of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke.* By JAMES PRIOR, Esq., F.S.A. Fifth Edition. London: Bohn.

THE "British Classics" of Mr. Bohn will greatly extend their popularity by the addition of a work so famous and so interesting as *Prior's Life of Burke*, which is now for the first time brought within the reach of readers who are not rich. Whatever careful editing and excellent typography can do to recommend it has been done by the enterprising publisher. The author himself has revised it, and to the library it will be as welcome as any of the costlier editions that have preceded it. This is, we believe, the first of a series, which is to comprise the collected works of the great philosopher and statesman whose life is narrated here. The announcement will be welcome to thousands.

## RELIGION.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*A Popular Abridgment of Old Testament History, for Schools, Families, and general Reading. Explained by historical and geographical Illustrations, and numerous Map Diagrams.* By J. TALBOYS WHEELER, F.R.G.S.—*A Popular Abridgment of New Testament History, &c.* By J. T. WHEELER. (London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.)—In these two little volumes Mr. Wheeler has achieved the difficult task of giving a readable summary of Bible history—a history commencing with time itself, and extending over a period of more than 4000 years. The author is already well known by his "Analyses and Summaries of Old and New Testament History," two valuable works drawn up chiefly for the use of colleges and theological students. Something of the same kind, but on a more popular plan, appeared to be wanting; and hence the present volumes, "written as much as possible in such a style, and according to such an arrangement, as would be the most likely to attract the reader, and fix the subject-matter upon the memory." It must be observed, however, that these are not mere digests or extracts from the author's previous works. They are entirely new and independent publications, upon which he has evidently bestowed considerable pains. The historical and geographical illustrations which they contain; the attention which has been given to the chronology both of the Old Testament and the New; the maps here and there interspersed, the carefully compiled indexes and tables of Scripture reference—all tend to enhance the merit of these volumes.

To the New Testament Abridgment the author has prefixed an excellent summary of the events that transpired between the close of the Old Testament narrative and the coming of our Lord; thus filling up a blank in the history of the Jews, which has often puzzled the uninstructed reader. Before concluding our notice of these highly instructive volumes, we must commend the elegance of their typography; the merit of which, we perceive, is due to the Messrs. Childs of Bungay.

Dr. CUMMING'S *Sabbath Morning Readings on the Old Testament* (London: Shaw) and *Sabbath Evening Readings on the New Testament* (London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.) are vigorously continued. The new volumes are on Leviticus and St. Luke. They contain, like their predecessors, much valuable matter, unexceptionable doctrine, fertility of illustration, and sound practical instruction. Like some of his previous works, however, which we have had occasion to notice, they show undeniable marks of haste both in point of research and composition. The same author has also just published *Signs of the Times*, Part II. (London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.), in which, encouraged by the extensive sale of the former part, he has "added several lectures on Scripture reference to the future, bearing more or less directly on the same interesting topic!" Dr. Cumming, however, as our readers are aware, enjoys no monopoly in the matter of Apocalyptic interpretation. He has a dangerous competitor in the author of "The Coming Struggle." We should advise him, also, to be upon his guard against the author of the following:—*The Great Wine Press*, popularly called *Armageddon*; being an *Intellectual Battle of Opinions: The Turco-Russian War—fears of it may be banished. Also, The Final Conflict or Supper of the Great God, &c.* By the author of "Trinology," "The Seventh Angel." (London: Strange.)—The author of "The Seventh Angel," if we recollect rightly, made out the mystical number 666, very satisfactorily to himself, to signify the British Legislature, and the Seventh Angel the Reform Bill, with other similar absurdities. Shall we trouble our readers with any more of his vagaries? No!

Two or three volumes of sermons are lying before us. The first that we take up is entitled *Gethsemane: Lectures delivered in the Lock Chapel in Lent 1854.* By the Rev. CAPEL MOLYNEUX, B.A., Minister of the Chapel. (London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co.)—In these sermons the agony of Christ in the garden, and its attendant circumstances, are depicted with a power and pathos rarely equalled in the Protestant pulpit. Roman Catholic divines generally excel our own in their treatment of such subjects, since they are more accustomed than we are to appeal to the feelings of their audience. But they too often err on

the score of excess of enthusiasm; and are also accustomed to indulge in fanciful speculations which have no right to be intruded on such occasions. In Mr. Molyneux's lectures there is nothing of this kind. All enthusiasm is chastened by the preacher's strict adherence to such views of the Saviour's character as are to be gathered from the Scriptures alone. The humanity of Christ is the subject which Mr. Molyneux has endeavoured chiefly to illustrate in these lectures. "Is this subject," he says, "sufficiently considered? Is the man Christ Jesus—is the humanity of Christ sufficiently considered, and sufficiently appreciated; that He was bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh—possessed of all our feelings, sensibilities, and sympathies—made in all things, sin only excepted, like unto His human brethren? We glory in the Divinity of Christ—that He was God of God, very God of very God—and we do well! We abhor Socinianism, or aught in thought or theory that impugns the coequality of the Son with the Father, or robs him of honour coequal with that of the Father; and we do well! But may we not, in this righteous jealousy for His divinity, possibly overlook somewhat of the integrity and claim of His humanity; and in so doing overlook also just that which not only renders that divinity available in all its perfection to our souls' salvation, but also that which, to human feelings, involves the very essence of attractiveness in Messiah's character." We conclude by recommending this volume of eloquent discourses to the notice of our readers.

*Sermons on the First Epistle of Peter.* By H. F. KOHLBRUGGE, D.D., of Elberfeld. Translated from the German (London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co.)—contain an admirable exposition of this portion of Scripture. The author is well known as an orthodox German divine. He is also earnest and eloquent; and there is a homeliness of expression sometimes in his discourses calculated to recommend them to a numerous class of readers.

*Seven Sermons for a Sickroom.* By the Rev. EDWARD BERENS, M.A., Archdeacon of Berks. (London: Rivingtons.)—These sermons, which are not now published for the first time, are selected from various publications of the author issued between 1820 and 1836. We are glad to see them reprinted in the present form, since they are calculated to administer both comfort and sound instruction to the afflicted. The subjects embraced are—1. Advantages of affliction. 2. Self-examination. 3. Future judgment. 4. Contrition. 5. Encouragement for the penitent. 6. Conversion. 7. Resignation.

*The Ark in the House: or, a Series of Family Prayers for a Month; with Prayers for Special Occasions.* By the Rev. BARTON BOUCHIER, A.M., Curate of Cheam (London: Shaw)—is by the same author whose familiar expositions of the Gospels, under the title of "Manna in the House," were noticed by us some time back. The present publication forms an admirable companion volume to those just mentioned, and will, we trust, find its way into all families in which the author's expositions are used. To families which are without any manual of domestic worship we can safely recommend it for use, as containing a series of sound and scriptural petitions, both for general and particular occasions. We must add that the author's preliminary remarks on family prayer are entitled to the careful perusal of heads of families.

*Belief in Special Providences examined by the Light of Scripture and Experience, in a Series of Letters addressed to the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, Glasgow, in Reply to his Sermon on the Choleraic Visitation.* By R. ALISTER (London: Houlston and Stoneman)—is a work which undertakes to grapple with a very difficult subject. In his treatment of it, the author is bold, candid, and ingenuous. He states his case fearlessly; denying that there is any such thing as a Special Providence. In doing this, he knows that he runs counter to the belief of the majority of his countrymen, and the creed in which he was himself brought up. He takes a preliminary objection to the use of the word "Providence" at all, as applied to God or the Supreme Being. In this he is not singular. Many before him have thought that the word savours of philosophic heathenism. It is a word conveying rather the idea of an attribute than of a person, and should not be used, he thinks, with reference to the Supreme Being, any more than any other of his attributes; as, for instance, Justice. "Thus, God is admitted to be perfectly just; but it is not necessary to speak of him personally as 'Justice,' or to say 'Justice' created the world, or still upholds it." The author, however, were he to go a little farther, might find something to object to in the word *God* itself; for, after all, what is the meaning of it but *good*? To be consistent, he should insist upon our always using the word *Jehovah*, or perhaps *Elohim*. Passing, however, from this, the author goes on to show that, under the Christian dispensation, we have no reason to believe that God manifests himself at all by special providences in the government of the world. The universe revolves in its sphere according to fixed and determined laws. Human affairs, in like manner, are exempt from any special interposition of God's providence. The man who is prudent in business reaps his reward. The nation or community which neglects the observance of sanitary regulations is visited by cholera or some other pestilence. There is no efficacy in prayer, according to our author, to

deliver us from any such visitation. We ourselves must help ourselves, or else suffer for neglecting to do so. All that we are warranted by Scripture to ask for in prayer is spiritual blessings. Whatever relates to this life depends upon our own exertions—the manner in which we exercise those faculties with which Almighty God has endowed us. Such is briefly the purport of Mr. Alister's publication, in which he frequently appeals to the Bible in support of his views—protesting that he is no infidel, but a believer in the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures.

*The City of Rome, considered chiefly in reference to the Remains of Heathen Antiquity, the Memorials of the Early Church, the Present Character of the Roman Church: a Lecture delivered to the Bridgnorth and Coventry Societies for the Promotion of Religious and Useful Knowledge.* By the Rev. G. BELLETT, M.A., Incumbent of St. Leonard's, Bridgnorth. (London: Rivingtons.)—We have read Mr. Bellett's lecture with considerable interest. It describes in a graphic style the prominent points of attraction in the Eternal City, as noticed by him in a visit paid to it during one of his clerical vacations. On his return home, wishing to make his trip conduce to the improvement of others as well as himself, he delivered this lecture. In its printed form, it affords an agreeable and instructive half-hour's reading.

THE first volume of the *Works of Philo Judæus*, the contemporary of Josephus, has been introduced by Mr. Bohn into his "Ecclesiastical Library." It is translated from the Greek by Mr. C. D. Yonge. The subjects treated of are the Creation of the World, the Allegories of the Sacred Laws, the Cherubim, Cain and his Birth, the Sacrifices of Abel and Cain, the Posterity of Cain, the Giants, the Unchangeableness of God, the Tilling of the Earth by Noah, and the Planting of it by Noah; to which he adds Essays on Drunkenness and on Sobriety. The author was a Jew, resident at Alexandria; in his religious opinions a Pharisee; in philosophy a Platonist. He was held in very high esteem by his contemporaries, and if not now to be read with much profit, he will be perused with curiosity and with pleasure.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*The English Prisoners in Russia: a Personal Narrative of the First Lieutenant of H.M.S. Tiger.* By ALFRED ROYER, R.N. London: Chapman and Hall.

*Science, Scenery, and Art: being Extracts from the Note-Book of a Geologist.* By Professor ANSTED. London.

*Ten Months among the Tents of the Tuski, &c.* By Lieut. W. H. HOOPER, R.N. London.

LIEUTENANT ROYER'S narrative of his captivity in Russia comes like a ray of sunshine amid the horrors and iniquities inseparable from war—that greatest evil that can afflict humanity. It is pleasant to find that our foe is not so black as he is painted—that kind treatment of the prisoners in their power has distinguished the Russians in this conflict; and, to measure the true extent of the generosity shown to Lieut. Royer and his comrades, it is necessary for us to imagine, if we can, how we should feel and behave towards a foreign enemy attacking our coasts, and trying to destroy Portsmouth. Positive kindness, under such circumstances, could scarcely be expected of us; nevertheless, according to the narrative before us, Lieut. Royer and the crew of the hapless *Tiger* were treated with more than humanity after their capture. They were taken to the Lazaretto, and well fed; the utmost attention was paid to the wounded by the General and his wife. This is the Lieutenant's account of

### RUSSIAN HUMANITY.

General Osten Sacken paid daily visits to the captain and officers, and to the hospital. He was much gratified at seeing William Tanner (who had been wounded, and who recovered) occupied, whenever he visited him, in reading his Bible; and he expressed great approbation of his conduct, being himself of a religious turn of mind. Indeed, such were his kindly feelings and his religious tendency of thought that he never visited the establishment without going to the graves of his enemies, where, absorbed in meditation, he might be seen crossing himself and offering up prayer to the Lord of Hosts. Madame Osten Sacken, his amiable consort, vied with the General in attentions and consideration towards the prisoners and the wounded, whom she supplied with jellies and delicacies from her own house; and when it pleased God to take the powder-boy, Thomas Hood, to himself, she caused an iron railing to be placed round his grave, and planted trees to overshadow it. Such was her consideration, and the vivid feelings which she had lately experienced at the loss of a son of the age of Thomas Hood, that she appeared to feel the more deeply for the parents of the lad, and of the young midshipman Giffard, to whose mother she sent a gold locket con-

taining some of his hair—a sad consolation in her bereavement. General Einikoff, the governor-general of Odessa, and General Krusenstern, the son of the celebrated navigator of that name, and military governor of the place, Baron Rollberg, governor of the fortress, and many other officers, whose names it was impossible to retain, but of whom we have the most vivid and grateful recollection, were unremitting in their considerate and solicitous attentions; and if any difficulties were experienced, these arose more from the many orders given by them, and from their over-anxiety to use the powers allowed them by their position to promote our comfort, than from any kind of forgetfulness or neglect.

Permission was given to the prisoners to write to their friends. Supplies from our fleet were freely conveyed to them, and the commanding officer was even allowed to draw bills on England for payment of the wages of the men and purchase of clothing.

They were detained at Odessa until instructions could be received from the Emperor. He directed that the commanding officer should be sent to St. Petersburg; the two lieutenants and the doctor were to follow him as far as Reasan, a city about 100 miles to the south-east of Moscow; and the others, officers and men, were to be conveyed to the same place. Vehicles were provided for the officers, but the men were ordered to march by easy stages, and an ample supply of excellent clothing was provided for them.

When he arrived at St. Petersburg Lieutenant Boyer was lodged at an hotel to await the return of the Minister of War, who was then absent. Here he was well treated, and at length he was bidden to an interview with the Minister, the Prince de Goronki.

He came forward, taking me by the hand; he addressed me as follows, still retaining my hand:—"Monsieur le Lieutenant, the chances of war have thrown you into a position which places us now in the relation of friends, and I trust that in our future intercourse we shall esteem each other as loyal gentlemen. His Majesty has directed that you should be located in an hotel, and every attention paid to your comfort. You will make known to the colonel any request that you may have to make. I must inform you that your parole will not exempt you from the attendance of an officer, such being the law; but everything shall be done to render this as little irksome to you as possible. The Emperor is now at Peterhof, and I shall have the honour of communicating to you His Majesty's pleasure when he will be at leisure to see you; and until I can learn his wishes, I must request you not to leave your present abode." We then entered into conversation on general topics, and I took the opportunity of expressing my satisfaction at the unvarying kindness I had received, and the accommodations afforded me at the hotel.

He was placed under the following regulations:—

1st. That I was at liberty to go anywhere I pleased about the city, but was always to be accompanied by an officer. 2nd. That I was not to communicate with any English subjects, except the Rev. Dr. Law, the chaplain to the embassy at St. Petersburg. 3rd. I was allowed to have any books or papers I chose to ask for, but all letters that I wrote or received were to pass through the office of the Commander-in-Chief. To crown their liberality, the colonel produced a portfolio, with pen, ink, and paper, which he placed on the table, recommending me to make notes of my residence in Russia. He did not omit to give me two sticks of sealing-wax, although my letters were to be sent open.

On the 23rd of June he received an intimation that the Emperor and the Grand Duke desired an interview with him, and on the following day he was conducted to the Shelmá, the residence of Constantine. He proceeds.

#### A TETE-A-TETE WITH THE GRAND DUKE.

I was shown into a drawing-room, to await the arrival of the Grand Duke Constantine, who had not returned from Cronstadt. He fills the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, lately occupied by Prince Menschikoff, who has been sent to command the fleet at Sebastopol, and who may there one day pay the penalty, in his person, of the war of which he was one of the principal instigators. The walls of the drawing-room were covered with oil-paintings, chiefly sea-views, by Russian artists; and there were many paintings laid against the chairs and sides of the room, and water-colour paintings lying on the table; the whole having an appearance of elegant *négligé*, by which I could see that it was used more as a private than as a state-room. An examination of these works of art afforded me some occupation, while I could hear in the distance a band of music playing in the grounds. I was standing, leaning over a chair and looking out of a window, with my back to the door, when I heard these words, in a pleasing tone and in good English, with a slight foreign accent:—"You are waiting for the Grand Duke, I suppose?" I turned round, and, a little to my confusion, saw

three ladies standing close by me. I bowed respectfully to the lady in advance, and replied that I had been directed to meet his Imperial Highness at eight o'clock. The Grand Duchess, for it was no other who now honoured me with her conversation, was accompanied by two of her ladies-in-waiting. Her Imperial Highness said she had heard of my having been very unwell, and expressed a hope that I was better. I replied that I had only risen from my bed in obedience to the commands of the Grand Duke. Her Imperial Highness then informed me that it was uncertain when the Grand Duke would return; and added, in the most *naïf* manner, that I might know who was addressing me, "Even I do not know, and I am his wife!" I again bowed, when she said she should certainly hear if he was detained, and would let me know; she recommended me, in the mean while, to wait, saying that she would send me some tea, and the last English newspaper, which had just come to hand. She then retired, with her attendants, by the door at which she had entered, and soon after returned alone, with a copy of the *Illustrated London News*, which she handed to me, saying, "See! it has not yet been opened, and is the last number received." It was addressed to the Grand Duke, and had not passed under the scrutiny of the censor; its destination to a member of the imperial family being a safeguard from the mutilating scissors of that important functionary. Her Imperial Highness then retired, and I soon saw her in the garden, walking with her suite. She is a person of very pleasing appearance, rather above the middle height, of sweet and intellectual countenance, and decidedly pretty and engaging. She appeared to be about three-and-twenty, and was dressed with great simplicity in white, with scarcely any ornament except a few tasteful flowers in her white bonnet. The ladies who accompanied her were older than herself, and, although they were certainly beautiful, served to set off her Imperial Highness to advantage, by the gay colours of their dress, in contrast with the simplicity and elegance of hers. They did not speak while in the room, but as soon as they left I heard them say some words in French, and therefore concluded (as I had been assured) that this was the language of the court. Presently a servant entered with the usual tea apparatus, one teapot over another, as already described. I quite enjoyed this refreshing drink, in the thirst which I suffered from the fever; and it was very *à propos*, as I had to wait till ten o'clock. At this hour I heard a stir among the servants in the ante-room, and concluded that his Imperial Highness had just arrived. I looked out of the window, and saw a gentleman in uniform with a lady coming through the garden, followed at some distance by an officer in an aide-de-camp's uniform, with another lady on his arm. Presently the Grand Duke entered alone with his aide-de-camp, and, coming up to me, held out his hand to shake hands; he addressed me in English, hoped I was better, and regretted my having had to wait so long. He then motioned me to enter another apartment, the door of which had just been opened by one of the servants. Here we were left alone, and I was put quite at my ease by his Imperial Highness's affability. He requested me to sit down, and ordered tea and wine, which were brought and set on two separate tables placed by us. He took some wine and asked me to help myself, while he smoked the amber-mouthed pipe presented to him by the attendant. The conversation first turned on the loss of the *Tiger*, into the details of which he entered minutely. He was well acquainted with them, having read the official report that I addressed to the admiral from Odessa, a copy of which had been forwarded to him. In addition to this, he had the report of the authorities of that city relative to the circumstances that succeeded. He put a number of questions to me; among others, he asked why we had not taken to our boats. I replied that no naval officer ever thinks of abandoning his ship, and that we had defended the *Tiger*, hoping to the last to get her off the beach, until it was too late to escape in the boats. His Imperial Highness spoke with earnestness of his voyages to England and in the Mediterranean, and referred to many naval officers whom he had met, naming them, and mentioning them in connection with circumstances that evinced his clear recollection of them. Referring to Sir William Symonds (whom I think he said he knew), his Imperial Highness remarked that he believed the Russian three-decker the *Twelve Apostles* was a superior vessel to the *Queen*, which that officer had built, inasmuch as the defects said to exist in the latter had been corrected in the former; the stern, for instance, although not so slightly, was more useful and effective, as guns could be fired at it, while it is doubtful whether the *Queen* could sustain the shock. He also added that the *Twelve Apostles*, on repeated trials, had worked to windward, and overtaken their swiftest frigates. His Imperial Highness spoke of many of the ships in both the English and French navies, comparing them with each other, and appearing to be quite *au fait* on maritime subjects. His Imperial Highness wished to know how it was that Sir Charles Napier carried a blue flag at the main; "For," said he, "by the dispatches, I see that he signs only as vice-admiral; has he been promoted?" He informed me that he had received that very day a report from Finland, stating that the Duke of Wellington and some other ships had stood in to the coast, whence the flag he named had

been seen at the main. I was not able to account for this circumstance, and suggested that it might have been merely a signal. His Imperial Highness made a remark to which I could give no reply; he said, "I am sorry the war is not of a more equal character." He then proceeded to complain of the English ships having approached the coast of Finland carrying the Russian flag, and thus deceiving the land officers commanding the fortresses, who could not be expected to distinguish between the ships of the adverse navies. I did not feel called upon to enter into a discussion on the right of using such means for misleading an enemy—a practice which has so many precedents in war. The Grand Duke will have learned by this time that, when fighting, our gallant ships hoist their own flag, under which alone we condescend to fight, and never under false colours. We had some further conversation on general subjects relating to our profession; the questions he asked were all of them such as I could satisfactorily answer. His observations and remarks on my replies were such as any naval officer might make, and quite unrestricted by the difference of our positions. While we were thus conversing, the Grand Duchess entered, on which I rose and bowed; the Grand Duke said, "You have already made the acquaintance of my wife." She came forward and referred to the newspaper she had given me, inquiring about its contents. She always spoke to me in English, evincing a desire to acquire that facility of expression which only practice can give; and on her making a slight and very natural error, his Imperial Highness corrected her, as he is perfectly acquainted with the language, which, he informed me, was taught to him and the Imperial Family by Dr. Law, respecting whose health he made some inquiries, and expressed a great esteem for that gentleman. It was now late (past eleven), and her Imperial Highness doubtless thought it time for our interview to close. She went round and said something to the Grand Duke, on which he used the word *Stoppi*, which, as I have explained, signifies "proceed," i.e., let us alone. Her Imperial Highness then left us. I observed that she was now in a different costume; she wore a large Leghorn straw hat, a rich crimson velvet bodice fitting quite close, and a white skirt. Soon after her departure, the Grand Duke rose, and, shaking hands, dismissed me, saying he was afraid I must be fatigued.

#### The next day he had

##### AN INTERVIEW WITH THE EMPEROR.

The Emperor was standing in the middle of the room, dressed in the plain dark blue uniform of a general-in-chief, and wore a simple white enameled cross at the button-hole on his chest. This, I believe, was the cross of the Order of St. George, an honour conferred only upon persons who have rendered important services to their country. I imagine that his Imperial Majesty has not yet assumed the decoration of the highest class of the Order, which is worn by such men as Paskewitch, Woronzoff, &c., and which was described to me as different in size from that worn by the Emperor. I expected to see a fine tall man, but was not prepared to find his Imperial Majesty so much superior to the generality of men in height and appearance. He certainly did not look more than fifty; nor were there any particular signs of care on his countenance—at least, not more than one sees in every man of his age. His features were fine and regular, his head bald in the centre, and his eye expressive of mildness, quite in accordance with his words. I was aware that his Majesty spoke both English and French, and hoped that he would address me in my native tongue. As I bowed and stepped forward, he addressed me as "Monsieur le Lieutenant," and inquired after my health, whether I had got rid of my fever, and how and where I had caught it. He asked me about the loss of the *Tiger*, and inquired why we had not anchored, being so near the land. I replied that the fog was very thick, and that by our reckoning we were some distance from land when the vessel struck. He asked if I was married; made some kind inquiries respecting the family of my late captain; and informed me that Mrs. Giffard was gone to Odessa, to join her husband, not having heard of his death. His Imperial Majesty then said that it had been his intention to grant the captain his liberty; but, as that was now impossible, he would extend that grace to me as the next in command, and asked me how I should like to go home. I was quite taken aback by this announcement, as, although I had been told at Odessa that I should have my liberty, still I did not anticipate that it would be granted so soon and so freely. I was, therefore, unprepared to answer the question as to my intended route, and said that I really had not thought of it; upon which his Imperial Majesty burst into a fit of laughter, much amused at my surprise and embarrassment, and said *Allez donc, pensez-y* (go and think about it), and let me know this evening, through the Minister of War, what road you would like to take. He then bowed me out of the room, turning to the Prince, to whom he made some remark in Russian, and the latter followed me.

Having thus freely received his liberty, the Lieutenant, on the 28th, quitted St. Petersburg, continuing to receive the same kindness until he had passed the frontiers of Russia.



Some nations boasting a more advanced civilization might profit by the example of Russia.

Professor Ansted travelled on a very different errand—to promote the arts of peace, to advance knowledge, and to make mankind wiser as well as happier. His tours were undertaken for the purpose of inquiry into the mineral products of various countries, and extended to France, Switzerland, Sardinia, Spain, Algeria, and the United States; and his narrative pleasantly mingles science with adventure and disquisition with description. A book of travels from such a man is something better than a circulating-library book; it is a work to be studied, and to take a permanent place upon the book-shelf. Of its quality the following passages will be the best assurance—only that we cull the most interesting rather than the most instructive.

#### A SCENE IN ALGERIA.

I soon, however, sallied out on a voyage of discovery, and was at once struck with the people and costumes. In the principal market-place, near the Place-Royale, were groups of Arabs, Moors, native Africans of the northern tribes of the interior, others from greater distances, and many Negroes, mingled with French, Italians, Spaniards (chiefly from the Balearic islands), &c., all in their peculiar costumes. The chief objects for sale consisted of fruit, and included figs, peaches, pomegranates, bananas, prickly pears, pears, apples, grapes, and innumerable melons, all in great profusion, and extremely cheap. The vegetables were not so varied. Men were the chief salesmen; but women of all kinds and costumes were seen about. The most striking, certainly, were the native Moorish women and Jewesses; the former enveloped entirely with white of greater or less fineness, according to the rank and fortune of the wearer. The dress is singular. They wear trowsers quite full and tied in at the ankle, a singular and indescribable dress round the waist, and a kind of very thin white blanket, entirely concealing the form, and reaching to the mid-leg. The whole face and head, except the eyes, are covered with the same thin white material. Although I had often read of this, and seen figures of the women, the reality was extremely striking; and I could not help staring at every woman I met, for some time. They are, however, abundant enough; though I saw few that did not give me the idea of being old. In those less richly clothed the feet were often visible; but in the others they were entirely covered. Next to the Moorish women, the Negresses were most curious; as they prefer gay colours, and their faces, and even arms and legs, are left quite uncovered. They wear head-dresses of turban shape, and striped scarfs, sometimes of very pretty material. The variety of race was very considerable, and many of them were really good-looking. Like the Moors, they wear large loose trowsers; but these terminate at the knee, and their dress is altogether far more open than that of the white races. The Arab women, it is said, do not appear; and, except in the case of Moorish females, it is rather difficult at first to distinguish the men from the women. Many of the men, however, are very lightly clothed, and afford magnificent specimens of the various races to which they belong. Some are complete Turks, with their stern, gloomy aspect, and long beards and moustaches; others, Arabs or Jews, equally well bearded, but quite distinct; others again are closely clipped, like the French boys in Marseilles. Many other interesting varieties of the Negro or jet-black tribes, and some are as sinister and disagreeable-looking as most of them are quite placid and interesting. One of the first objects of interest at Algiers, where the domination of the French has enforced toleration, is a visit to the interior of a mosque. I went into one in the principal street, the only ceremony required being, that the shoes should be taken off; as, however, the whole interior was either carpeted or matted, this was no great sacrifice on a warm day. The mosque I first entered was a fine building, but of no great elevation. It measured, within the walls, about 180 feet by 150; and consisted of five principal aisles on two sides of the building, two aisles on a third, and one on the fourth; but towards the end (the south) is a small interior court, with a fountain placed towards its southern corner. At both the east and west end were small rooms, apparently adapted for religious purposes; that at the east containing a copy of the Koran, while those at the west were bare, like the interior of the building. With the exception of matting, and some carpets, the whole was completely unfurnished; but there were a few niches and recesses rather more decorated than other parts. A number of persons were lying down in the building, and several were employed in drawing water and carrying it to the western end of the mosque; but I saw no appearance of worship of any kind, nor was there anything impressive or striking in the style of fittings or decoration. The aisles were formed by moresque arches of the usual form, many of them out of proportion, and all rather irregular. The windows were very low, and looked upon a small external gallery; and the doors consisted of openings in the wall, without other means of closing than a mat suspended before them.

Let us turn to Switzerland, where he fell in with

#### A PARTY OF PHILOSOPHERS.

After dinner we were regaled with a geological dessert, consisting of *sucrifications* of terebratulæ and other shells; of a model in sugar of the Mont Terrible, or some other Jura mountain; and last, not least, of a number of real ammonites and terebratulæ put up in paper, with crackers; showing a fine example of the connection of the physical sciences in thus enlarging the mind of the maker of bon-bons, while the philosopher with no less astonishment found a fossil where he had been accustomed to look for barley-sugar. After dinner and two or three toasts—the dinner having lasted three hours—most part of the company joined the ladies above, where dancing had already commenced. The ladies were—as ladies always must be—charming, and as there was a pretty sprinkling of Germans and one Pole, there was no lack of variety; but, however difficult, I must neglect them, that a line or two may be devoted to the dresses of the gentlemen. Among our number there were a very few who had come provided for such emergencies; and one especially, a handsome young exquisite from Paris, was attired in the very pink of fashion, with hair covering about four-fifths of his face, and gold and jewels about as large a proportion of his waistcoat. Contrasted with these was the dress of the rest of us, which may be thus described: Coat with or without tails, and adapted in various ways for walking, but not for dancing; waistcoat, nothing extraordinary; trousers, all colours but black; and the feet covered with thick boots or high walking shoes. This being our condition with regard to appearance, the dances of all kinds—waltzes, gallopes, and contre-dances—were kept up, notwithstanding, with great spirit till a late hour.

Crossing the Atlantic, we arrive at one of the famous

#### NEW YORK HOTELS.

I found an excellent dinner at the hotel (Astor House) at which I put up, and learnt that the proprietors took this opportunity of paying a compliment to their friends by giving a better meal than usual, and providing excellent champagne *ad libitum* without extra charge. As it is the practice in the States generally for each person to pay a fixed and uniform rate per day for board and lodging together at all houses of public entertainment, which, in fact, rather resemble boarding-houses than our hotels or inns, this arrangement is not so extraordinary as it would otherwise appear. It was certainly very agreeable; as, owing to our long voyage, and the difficulty of preserving the flavour of meats in an ice-house, our appetites were such as to enable us to do full justice to the excellent venison and other delicacies served up. The price charged at the first hotels for board and lodging (except wines and liquors) is not more than about 10s. 6d. per day; and for this one may have breakfast at any hour, dinner, tea, and supper; and I must say that, here at least, no one need complain of the hurry of the dinner, or the difficulty of obtaining anything wanted. All that is needed is to speak to the waiter, and give him to understand that some prospective good in the way of a half-dollar awaits him if he looks after your interests, and he will then take care that you shall want for nothing.

He condemns slavery, but does not see his way safely to immediate emancipation. Some of its consequences are thus stated:—

The amount of capital involved in the possession of slaves in Virginia alone cannot be estimated at less than fifty millions sterling; and this dead weight, for so it is, seems to produce an effect equivalent to that of a mortgage on a large landed property, rather than serve as a means for securing a certain amount of labour. It is also painful to observe what a drag on the middle classes, having moderate resources, a few slaves invariably prove. Both humanity and the force of habit interfere, as a general rule, to check the separation of parents from children, and husbands from wives; and numerous families of small farmers struggle on with their unwieldy train of Negro men, women, and children, many more than can do any good in the house, but not enough, or well enough directed, to be useful in the field; suffering an increasing but hopeless evil, unable to obtain white servants, and equally unable to do without some help. Thus are these people the unhappy victims of a system which is destroying them, but which yet they are anxious to retain, believing that what has a marketable value must be valuable property, and not knowing that it would be far cheaper for them, and better, to hire attendance and assistance when they actually wanted it, than have forced on them a useless and costly superfluity, under whatever name it comes. Emancipation would, indeed, be an infinite advantage to this class, whenever and however it might be brought about.

(To be continued.)

Here are the travels of old Marco Polo, the Venetian who penetrated into the heart of the East in search of trade, and brought back an account which it was the fashion of the time to deem a little exaggerated, but which subsequent travellers have proved to be true substantially. The Venetian was a keen observer,

and he is singularly minute in all his descriptions, with a quaint homeliness that wins the reader's confidence in his veracity. This excellent translation, by Mr. Wright, is a welcome addition to "Bohn's Antiquarian Library;" and thousands will thus be enabled, at their winter firesides, to travel in imagination with old Marco Polo, catching his enthusiasm and enjoying his narrative more than any romance.

#### THE WAR BOOKS.

##### THE SEAT OF WAR—THE CAUCASUS.

*Turkey, Russia, the Black Sea, and Circassia.* By Capt. SPENCER. London: Routledge and Co.

*A Military Tour in European Turkey, the Crimea, and on the Eastern Shores of the Black Sea, &c.* By Major-General MACINTOSH. 2 vols. London: Longmans.

*The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828 and 1829; with a View of the Present State of Affairs in the East.* By Colonel CHESNEY. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

*The Caucasus.* By IVAN GOLOVIN. London: Trübner and Co.

(Continued from p. 491.)

PROCEEDING with our description of the Seat of War, we cross from a point of the Peninsula of Kertch, in the Crimea, to Anapa, on the north-eastern coast of the Black Sea. Here commences the great mountain-range of the Caucasus, and here we make our first acquaintance with the brave tribes usually called by us the *Circassians*, who inhabit its charming valleys and rocky fastnesses, and have hitherto successfully resisted all the attempts of Russia to subdue them.

The Caucasus may be briefly described as "a great mountain-range, extending in a N. W. and S. E. direction, between the Black and Caspian Seas. Its extreme points are those of the main ridge or backbone of the system, which, commencing at Anapa on the Black Sea, in lat. 44° 50' N., runs first S. E. as far as the parallel of 42° 50', and meridian of 40° 45', then almost due E. to the long. of 46°, and, finally, again S. E. to Baku, on the Caspian Sea, in lat. 40° 20', where it terminates. The direct distance between Anapa and Baku is 690 miles; but, following its windings, the ridge of the Caucasus measures 800 miles. The extent of the mountains towards the north is very well marked by the courses of the rivers Kuban and Terck—the one flowing west along their bases to the Black Sea; the other east to the Caspian. The natural southern limit is the Araxes; so that the breadth of this range in its widest part is about five degrees, or nearly 350 miles; and in its narrowest, along the shores of the Caspian, not much short of 250 miles. The area inclosed by these two seas and three rivers, taken as the boundaries of the Caucasian system, is not less than 100,000 square miles; but it must be remarked that within these limits there is, though not much, some level land; and that the least elevation is found, not in the bed of the Araxes, but in that of the Kur;" (McCulloch.) It must be stated that geographers differ as to the extent of the Caucasian range, but that the account just given has been drawn up from a comparison of authorities.

There is also some difference of opinion as to the elevation of the range in its several parts. Without entering much into detail, therefore, we shall merely state that this varies from about 1500 feet to upwards of 17,000. The highest peak is that of Elbrous, or Elburz, situated N. of 43° N. lat., and W. of 43° E. long., which is said to be 17,785 feet above the level of the sea; that is, more than 2000 feet higher than Mont Blanc. The name Elbrous signifies *snowy mountain*, and is applied, we believe, to other mountains besides this which rise above the snow line. M. Golovin informs us that it is applied by the natives to the entire Caucasian range. It would be expedient, therefore, for geographers to resolve upon a better name for this lofty summit. The next peak in elevation is that of Kasbek, so called by the Russians; but by the natives Mquinvari, also Urs-Coch, or White Mountain, which rises to the height of 14,500 feet. This is situated between 42° and 43° N. lat. and N. of 45° E. long. "According to a tradition, Noah's ark stopped on the Elbrous before reaching Ararat, and the cradle of Christ is found on the Kasbek, standing above the tent of Abraham, which is itself suspended in the air." Other summits of the principal range rise to heights of 10,000, 12,000, and even 13,000 feet. Towards the Caspian the

height gradually decreases to less than 2000 feet, until, upon arriving at the shores of that sea, the country is no longer mountainous, but hilly. West of Elbrus the mountains gradually decline as far as Anapa, where there is only an elevation of about 200 feet. "But this height rises perpendicularly, and the face of the rock is continued downwards for several hundred fathoms; such being the depth of the sea at this point." From Anapa to Mingrelia, along the coast of the Black Sea, a distance of 250 miles, an inferior branch of the Caucasus meets the eye of the traveller as he skirts the shore. This is allowed on all hands to be very beautiful and picturesque; the mountains varying in height, and being crowned to their summits with luxuriant vegetation. The view, however, is nothing, if compared with that of the principal range, as thus described by Captain Spencer. "After leaving Soukum-Kale," he says,

The beautiful mountain coast, that had so long cheered us on our voyage with its picturesque variety, gradually receded from the shore, till we arrived opposite the immense plain of Mingrelia. Much as we admired the beautiful coast scenery of Circassia, we were not altogether sorry that we had passed the barrier which had so long shut out the magnificent prospect that now burst upon the view, for we had now before us the glorious outline of the Caucasian Alps towering to the heavens in all their splendour; and as the eye wandered from the impenetrable forests of Mingrelia that skirted the coast, up to the highest summit of Mount Elbrus and the still more distant Kasbek, so clear is the atmosphere in this delightful climate, we could distinctly trace each mountain range, towering one above the other to the region of eternal snow, with an occasional glimpse of the cots and cultivated fields of the mountaineers.

The principal rivers of the Caucasus are the Kuban, the Terek, the Araxes, the Kur (anciently Cyrus), and the Phasis or Rion. All these fall either into the Black Sea or the Caspian. The most important of them is perhaps the Kuban, "which rises in Mount Elbrus, and, after running through the mountains and valleys of the Caucasus, divides into three arms, two of which fall into the Sea of Azof, and the third and most considerable into the Black Sea." The Terek rises in the Kasbek, and falls into the Caspian. There are also numerous streams, some of which attain to the magnitude of rivers when augmented by the melting of the snow in summer. On the summits of the higher mountains the snow of course never melts. From the inferior ridges, however, it disappears under the force of the warm summer sun; descending frequently in broad torrents, overflowing the rivers, and sweeping away every obstacle. The summits of these mountains, when thus freed from their covering of snow, present plains carpeted with the finest pasture. They may be otherwise described as a vast plateau on an inclined plane, intersected and precipitously rent in all directions by narrow valleys or chasms, with torrents at the bottom, and which, unlike those of Switzerland and the Tyrol, are perfectly inaccessible. To the elevated plains, thus in a certain degree unapproachable, the native inhabitants, in the hot season, or whenever their lower pasture grounds are invaded, withdraw their flocks and their horses, so renowned for their admirable qualities: (Macintosh.)

In the Caucasus, as in the Alps, glaciers are common. There are also other points of resemblance between these two great mountain systems. There is one essential point, however, in which the Caucasus differs, not only from the Alps, but from every other large mountain range. The Caucasus is almost, if not entirely, deficient in mountain lakes. The lake of Sevan or Goukcha, between the Kur and Araxes, is the only one of any size in the whole region, and it can hardly be regarded as belonging to the Caucasus. It is a salt lake, of the kind so common in Central Asia, without any outlet, and occupying nearly the whole extent of a small elevated plain, about 48 miles long by 12 in width, 5300 feet above the sea: (McCulloch.)

In minerals the Caucasus, so far as it has been explored, is richer than the Alps. Iron, copper, lead, saltpetre, and sulphur are found in large quantities. Gold and silver have been always supposed to exist there; but no traces of them have been discovered in modern times. It is in its vegetable productions, however, that the Caucasus may be said to excel every region not situated under the tropics. "Nearly every tree, shrub, fruit, grain, and flower, found from the limit of the temperate zone to the pole, is native to, or may be raised in, the Caucasus." There are meadows of the finest grass, and fields of

wheat, rye, barley, oats, and millet to be seen everywhere, even at an elevation, in some instances, of more than 7000 feet above the sea. The sides of the mountains are clothed with magnificent forest trees; and in the warmer valleys, dates, pomegranates, figs, and mulberries grow without any the least cultivation. Nor is the vine wanting to complete this picture of rich and luxuriant vegetation. It twines round the trees it loves to a considerable height up the mountains, and offers its glowing clusters to a rude people that cannot sufficiently appreciate the gift. In a short excursion which Captain Spencer made from a place called Bombora, on the Black Sea, into the interior, the author thus describes what he saw:

The vegetation was of the most luxuriant description. The splendid oak-trees alone that covered the sides of the hills, and crested the highest summits of the mountains, were in such abundance as to lead us to believe that Europe would find a sufficient supply of the finest wood for ship-building in the nearly unknown countries on the Black Sea, without seeking it in another hemisphere. . . . In addition to the ordinary trees of the forest, the *Arbutus andrachne*, the oleander, the tamarisk, the olive and the fig, the rhododendron and the pomegranate, were everywhere to be seen in all their variegated tints and rich luxuriance; while the box, which in Europe is a dwarf shrub, was here a perfect giant of the forest, and the juniper of such colossal dimensions as to measure fifteen feet in circumference. But death lurked about our path, in the number of dangerous black snakes that continually darted almost from beneath our feet. Then the croaking of the *Rana variabilis*, that unerring indicator of poisonous marsh miasma, told us, if we did not seek the shelter of our ships before nightfall, we should be certain to carry home with us, the intermittent fever of the Caucasus. The fact is, the fertility of the low lands in the Caucasus is too great; for, harassed as the inhabitants have been from time immemorial by the continued invasions of every ambitious power of the day, they have been obliged to leave their richest lands a waste on the coast, and seek a securer home in the mountains.

The animals of the Caucasus are many and various. To mention only a few of them:—there are wolves, bears, lynxes, jackalls, and foxes; also deer, hares, chamois, and goats; sheep and oxen of various kinds, some of them wild, as the *Aurochs*; horses, of an excellent breed, to which the greatest attention is paid; weasels, polecats, ermines, moles, and "such small deer," in great variety. Of birds the variety is amazing. Black swans are to be found in the Caucasus as well as in Australia. Game is everywhere abundant. Shall we add—what every schoolboy knows—that this is the native home of the pheasant (*phasianus*), so called from the Phasis, on whose banks it was first discovered, and was thence transferred to please the eye and rejoice the palate, first of the inhabitants of Greece and Italy, and afterwards of the barbarians of Gaul and Britain? Of insects and reptiles there is also an extensive variety. The whole country, in fact, is so teeming with animal life, that the naturalist can never complain of his not having a sufficiently wide scope for his observations.

We shall conclude this brief notice of the physical aspect and natural productions of the Caucasus with the following from Captain Spencer:—

If we view the Caucasus generally, we must pronounce it to be one of the finest countries in the world. The climate is equal to that of Italy, while Switzerland does not surpass it in the sublimity of its Alps or the majestic grandeur of its scenery; and, though it does not possess those romantic lakes which form such a delightful feature in the landscapes of some mountain countries, we have, as a compensation, a splendid view of either the Black Sea or the Caspian, from nearly every mountain we ascend.

This magnificent country is inhabited by about four millions of people, distinguished into several nations or tribes. The chief of these are the Circassians or Tcherkessians, the Abasians, Ossetians, Lesghians, and Tchechenians. In the plains to the south dwell the Mingrelians, Imeritians, and Georgians. Notwithstanding many differences both of language, religion, and manners and customs among these several tribes, it is usual at present to class them all, except perhaps the Georgians, under the general name of Circassians.

The Tcherkesses, or Circassians (says General Macintosh) are the dominant nation, and people every part of the space within the central chain, the Kuban, the Black Sea, and the Terek. The several tribes recognise, it is true, no common authority; but I was credibly informed that they acknowledge, in the princes of the two Kabardahs, the superior purity

of their ancient race. No other name, in short, is used in the army and councils of the Russians but that of the Tcherkess.

The translation of this word is, literally, *cut the road*; understood generally to reflect upon the inhabitants as a nation of *highwaymen or robbers*; but, as interpreted by Captain Spencer, "derived from the circumstance of their never permitting the march of a foreign soldier through their territories." While on the subject of etymology, we may mention that Pliny derives the name *Caucasus* from a Scythian word, *Graucassus*, signifying *white with snow*. Later writers, however, among whom is Klaproth, derive it from *Koh-Chaf* or *Ckasp*, that is, Caspian mountains; and the Turks call it *Ckaf-Daghi*, or *Ckaf* mountain. The Persians (says Captain Spencer) distinguish the Circassians from the other tribes of the Caucasus by the name of *Kassack*; so that it is not improbable the free bands of the *Cossacks* of the middle ages first issued from the Caucasus.

With respect to the languages spoken in the Caucasus we shall merely observe that they are exceedingly numerous, and that philologists are by no means agreed among themselves as to their classification. Strabo states that, in his time, there were as many as seventy different languages spoken in the Caucasus. The majority of these, however, must have been mere dialects; and, although some modern writers pretend that they have been able to discover at least seven distinct languages, we are not disposed to place much faith in their assertion.

In what remains to be said, we shall speak of the inhabitants of the Caucasus under the general name of Circassians.

The Circassians are a brave, noble, and handsome race of people. Both the men and the women are remarkable for their personal beauty; and there may be some truth, after all, in Blumenbach's theory, that it is to these mountains we must look for the primitive type of the finest and most intellectual race of mankind. From time immemorial the Circassians have preserved their independence against all invaders. All the great conquerors of antiquity, Alexander, Mithridates, the Romans themselves, could not conquer these mountaineers. In later times, Timour the Tartar was not more successful. The most any of these were able to do was to obtain a doubtful allegiance from the inhabitants on the coast, or at the foot of the mountains.

This was the barrier, (says Captain Spencer) that arrested the victorious arms of the Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman—the stronghold that towered in its mountain freedom above the tide that spread around it; and now, as then, has for more than half a century bidden defiance to the aggressive ambition of the greatest military power of modern days. How deeply, therefore, must every humane and chivalrous bosom sympathise with the heroic tribes of this devoted country, who from the beginning of time have preserved their rugged home inviolate from the foot of every invader; and how deeply interesting to every reflecting mind must be their future destiny!

The Circassians being a primitive race, their form of government is, like that of most primitive nations, patriarchal. Each tribe is divided into clans, which have their nobles and chieftains or princes, the latter of whom owe their elevation originally to personal merit, and the dignity is then hereditary among their descendants, should they be found worthy of it. There is great equality, however, among all the members of a tribe. They are all more or less warriors, and every man bearing arms has free liberty of speech in the public assemblies. When any extraordinary danger threatens, the scattered tribes meet together and with common consent resolve to be guided by the councils of the bravest or wisest of their number. Thenceforward a cheerful obedience is paid to the chieftain who for the time being has been entrusted with the conduct of their affairs. Such a meeting was held in the autumn of 1834, and again in 1836, "on both of which occasions there was an earnest conference on the subject of the aggressions of Russia, and the most stringent measures were resolved upon for the defence of the country. From the course thus boldly laid down the Circassians have never since swerved."

The chieftains, nobles, and other warriors, when not engaged in war, are passionately addicted to the chase. The agriculture of the country is attended to by the vassals, who are in a manner *adscripti glebae*, though not under very hard conditions. These also have the charge of the numerous flocks and herds with which the country abounds. The nobles themselves, how-



ever, sometimes attend to these, while all classes of the population take a deep interest in the management of their horses.

The horse is the especial favourite of every Caucasian. He is trained to endure hunger and fatigue, to swim, to understand what is said to him, and all the other accomplishments and qualifications requisite in the four-footed companion of a guerilla. The great secret appears to be kindness; he is never beaten, consequently his spirit remains unbroken, and his affection for his master undiminished. Nothing can be more simple than their method of breaking in a horse. He is first secured with the lasso—a feat of no common danger, for they generally roam half wild through the woods—then blindfolded, and pulled about up hill and down dale, until he is completely subdued. Those that are brought up in the farm-yard, where they may be seen as the playmates of children, take to the saddle almost without its being necessary to have recourse to any violence.

It is almost needless to add that the Circassians are some of the most expert horsemen in the world. From their earliest childhood they are all trained to the management of the steed, and the practice of fire-arms. Their carbines are not the best in the world, neither have they an overabundance of powder. Consequently they never throw away a shot. Their sword-blades are of an excellent temper, and the armourers, cutlers, and even goldsmiths among them exhibit much ingenuity in the construction and decoration of these weapons. These are the only skilled artisans to be found in the mountainous districts. All the other wants of a Circassian, unless perhaps he is a chieftain, must be supplied by his own hands or those of his household. He is his own carpenter and weaver. The women make his clothes, shoes, saddle-cushions, and horse-trappings. They are expert in needle-work and embroidery. They also manage the dairy, bake the bread, cook, and even occasionally take a turn at field-labour.

The Circassians live in scattered hamlets or villages of not more than forty or fifty houses. Their houses or huts are of the slenderest construction, which is, perhaps, an advantage, since they frequently remove from one locality to another. The residence of the chieftain is usually in the centre, and does not differ much in character from those of his dependents. These huts are in general built of plaited osiers, plastered inside and out, and thatched with hay or straw. However insignificant in appearance, they are exceedingly neat and clean, and furnished in a manner to correspond with the moderate wants of the people.

The accumulation of dirt in their neighbourhood, the insecurity of the position, and frequently even the caprice of the inhabitants, cause them to be from time to time abandoned. On such occasions the dwellings are destroyed, the household utensils packed up, and the whole colony migrate in search of a new abode.

(To be continued.)

## FICTION.

### THE NEW NOVELS.

*A Physician's Tale.* By HERBERT MILFORD. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

*Lights and Shadows of Australian Life.* By Mrs. CHARLES CLACY, Author of "A Lady's Visit to the Gold Diggings." 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—I enjoy a good novel, and I am obliged to rely upon the reviews to tell me what are good. I find I can trust none of them. After reading a notice full of laudation of some new novel, I send for it to the library, and, having got a little way into it, I discover to my infinite disgust that it is—trash. I have tried all the reviews in turn, with the same results; and I am astonished to see in the advertisements extracts from newspapers praising to the skies books which the reviewer must know to be worthless, or which he notices without reading. From the tone of fearless independence, mingled with much kindness towards authors, that distinguishes the CRITIC, I have lately relied upon its reviews to guide me in my buyings and borrowings of books. I have no reason to complain of its judgments in any other department than that of fiction; but here I must candidly inform you I have found myself misled two or three times by approval given to novels which on perusal I discovered, to my great annoyance, not to deserve it. I tell you of it, to put you or your reviewer on your guard; for many of my friends are accustomed like myself to depend upon your characters of books for our readings; and we should much regret to have our confidence shaken by any lack of candour in the passing of a true judgment, whether it be from regard

for authors or fear of publishers. You have been chosen as their guide by the great majority of the reading world, and your first duty is to them. Excuse the liberty I have taken, for your sake as much as for my own, and believe me to be, with great esteem, Your constant reader,

7th Oct. 1854.

F—B—.

We (the reviewer of the "Fiction") have received the foregoing letter from the Editor of the CRITIC; and the fairest mode of meeting the complaint is frankly to state it, and fully to answer it. Let us assert, in the first place, an entire unconsciousness of any such undeserved praise. We may have erred in judgment—but not designedly. We had no purpose to praise apart from merit. We have sought to do a special service to no author; we have been moved by regard for no publisher; we have sought to form our honest opinion of every novel, and we have expressed it fearlessly when formed. But may it not well be that in respect of merits there may be a difference of opinion between F—B—and ourselves? Reviewers are not infallible, nor do we pretend to be so; but so neither are readers. It is just possible that a novel which pleases us may displease another reader, and vice versa; and both might pass opposite judgments upon it—aye, and maintain those judgments with sound arguments, and with entire honesty on both sides. At all events, we can assure F—B—of this, that we endeavour to be honest, but to be as merciful in treating incapacity as justice will permit. We might, perchance, have forbore upon occasion to speak as harshly of the first adventure of a young author, especially when the novelist is a lady, as the short-comings of the work would have justified: no doubt we may have leaned to mercy's side; but we can safely affirm that we have never yet, and so long as we have the honour to pass in review the literature of fiction we never will, designedly give positive praise to a book which in our conscience we do not believe to deserve it. With this assurance we turn to the new novels of the last fortnight.

And foremost we have *A Physician's Tale*, which we like, because it is unlike the multitude of modern novels. The author has gone back to an era of which we have a vivid recollection—that which succeeded the highly wrought romance of the Radcliffe school, retaining some of its mystery, and a good deal of its imagination and poetry, without its affectations and absurdities. The *Physician's Tale* is very romantic, and that we look upon as a recommendation; it is a creation of the ideal, and not a transcript of the real; the hero and heroine and the principal characters of the plot are just such as young persons people their castles in the air withal; but they are not, therefore, less acceptable reliefs from the actualities with which we are surrounded. Then Mr. Milford excels in description. He will discourse by the page of fine landscapes, picturesque mansions, and all the sights and sounds of rural life, where he is more at home than in cities. Another charm he has—he is a lively writer; he is not fond of disquisition; he does not indulge in soliloquy; he does not plague you with commonplace sentiments, supposing them to be philosophy. He has a story to tell, and he tells it like a good story-teller, with all circumstances of place and time, bringing the actors and scenery before your eyes, and seizing and detaining your attention until he has taken you to the end. Being such, we feel no hesitation in commending the *Physician's Tale* as pleasant pastime in a long evening.

We have placed Mrs. Clacy's *Lights and Shadows of Australian Life* among Fiction, because there is fiction in it; and wherever there is fiction mingled with fact, we hold it to be duty of critics to prevent misleadings by treating the whole as fiction, it being manifestly impossible for the reader to trace for himself the lines of demarcation. It is for this reason that we have uniformly condemned the principle of works of this class; and we shall not cease to enter our protest against them, so long as they are patronised by publishers and endured by the public. Their effect is bad in every way. They are worthless for all purposes of instruction; their tendency is to confuse the boundaries of truth and falsehood in the reader's mind. And of what use are they? Why mingle fiction with fact? Which is desired to prevail? How much is the reader to receive, and how much to reject? If it is desired to convey facts, why choose the form of fiction? Either it is honestly done, or dishonestly. If honestly, it may be asked, how fact is taught when it is so disguised in fiction that the eye cannot penetrate

the covering? If dishonestly, with design to have the fiction swallowed in mistake for the fact, what language could too emphatically condemn the stratagem? Here is a book obnoxious to these censures. Mrs. Clacy is intimately acquainted with the characteristics of Australian life, and wields an exceedingly graphic and lively pen, which could produce a charming book of travels. But, instead of doing this, and telling us in her pleasant manner all that she knows about Australia and the Australians, she must needs indulge her imagination, invent fictions, and, by mingling them with her facts, spoil both. She informs us in her preface that the tales are "founded upon fact." Fudge! The foundation, we suspect, is extremely small for the superstructure; but whether this be so or not, inasmuch as the reader cannot possibly sever the fact from the fiction, it is to him as if the whole were an invention.

Looking upon them as tales, they are smart compositions, very well suited for a magazine, where they would have appeared at intervals, but somewhat tedious in volumes, as, indeed, are all collections of stories—a fact, the philosophy of which we should like to learn. Doubtless the pictures of Australian life here presented are substantially correct; but in fiction there is always a tendency to embellishment, a desire to make a picture, which more or less deforms the plain truth; and Mrs. Clacy is not exempt from the universal failing. Let her write a book simply descriptive of Australia as it is, and nowhere will it be more heartily welcomed than here; but these semi-fictions will not be made tolerable, even with such ability to back them as Mrs. Clacy undoubtedly possesses.

The shilling volumes are still the rage. Here is another importation from America, *The Lofly and the Lonely*, by MARIA M'INTOSH (Routledge), a clever story, better at least than nine-tenths of our English novels. — Mrs. STEPHENS, whose *Fashion and Famine* has made such a sensation, is the authoress of another, not equally clever, entitled *Zana* (Ward and Lock); but the fame of the one will sell the other. — *The Flower of the Family* (Nelson), has a good deal of merit in writing, but the plot is not well constructed. — The latest edition to the "Parlour Library" is a translation from a famous German work, "Stories without an End," of a tale called *The Countess of St. Alban*. It is very acceptable after the inanities with which we have been deluged by novelists at home. The "Parlour Library" has a wide field in the fictions of the Continent. — Mr. W. MAXWELL'S *Dark Lady of Doona*, a legend ingeniously expanded into a real romance, is one of the recent additions to the *Parlour Library*. — Irish Fairies have been made the theme of a small volume, by JOHN O'NEILL, entitled, *Hand-darahan, the Irish Fairyman*, which Mrs. S. C. Hall has introduced to the public with a laudatory preface. If at this time people can turn their thoughts from the realities of war, they might pleasantly indulge in the poetical dreams of Irish Fairyland.

## SCIENCE.

*Outlines of Botany: being an Introduction to the Study of the Structure, &c., of Plants.* By JOHN HUTTON BALFOUR, M.D. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

"The Physiology of Plants" would have been a better title to this volume, for that is what it really is. Dr. Balfour has taken a plant, and described its structure, its germ, its growth, and its propagation, illustrating every part of it by woodcuts. He is a little too fond of using learned words; but that is the fault of almost all who write books for students. Wherefore is it so? With this exception, we have never seen a work so well calculated as this to convey knowledge of the wonders of the vegetable world.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

THE repeated reprints of Milton would indicate that his works are really read as well as praised. A new one is now before us, edited by the Rev. J. Edmondstone, with explanatory notes: (Nelson and Co.) They are simply explanatory of the meaning of obscure words and classical allusions. The typography is excellent. — The 6th vol. of *Cowper's Works*, as edited by Southey, is the latest addition to Bohn's "Standard Library." It is remarkable for cheapness and typographical beauty. — We copy the first verse of "Mary's Song."

O waft me away to sunny bright lands,  
Where the aroma breezes blow,  
Where harps soft chime with celestial songs,  
Where tears shall cease to flow.

This is from a volume entitled *The First False Step*, by James C. Guthrie. A person who could deliberately print such lines, could never claim the title of

poet, even if in some moment of dullness he could write such. And so it is here. They indicate the character of the volume; and, doubtless, the reader will desire no further specimens.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Reminiscences of the University, Town, and County of Cambridge, from the Year 1780.* By the late HENRY GUNNING, M.A. Christ's College, Senior Esquire Bedell. 2 vols. London: Bell.

THE late Henry Gunning was well known to almost every one acquainted with the University of Cambridge, in which seat of learning he occupied the office of Esquire Bedell from the year 1789 to 1827, and of Senior Esquire Bedell from that time up to the 4th Jan. in the present year, when he died at the advanced age of eighty-five.

During the long period of his connection with Cambridge, which commenced as early as 1784, when he was entered of Christ's College, he became acquainted with many of the celebrated, and sometimes odd characters, who merely passed through their academical curriculum there; while he was of course on intimate terms with most of those who, like himself, had their permanent residence in the University. It was not only with the University, however, that Mr. Gunning was closely associated, but with the town of Cambridge as well, which, on the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act, elected him a member of the town council. From a very early period, he took an active part both in general and local politics. As a politician he was a staunch Whig, and always a consistent one. This, however, did not interfere with his friendships. Persons of every shade of politics spoke well of him. He was gentlemanly in his demeanour, courteous, always ready to communicate information, and lively in conversation. Above all, however, he had always a fund of anecdotes to tell about bygone times, which caused his society to be much courted. It was from his reputation in this respect that a friend suggested to him, at the conclusion of a severe illness some two or three years ago, to amuse his leisure by penning some of his reminiscences. Mr. Gunning followed the advice; and hence these volumes, which abound in curious anecdote, harmless scandal, and pictures of the past, which must make every one more pleased with the present by comparison.

Although writing after the age of eighty, Mr. Gunning is not

*Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti  
Me puero.*

On the contrary (he tells us in his preface), I believe the time I came to the college to have been, with the exception of six or seven years preceding, the very worst part of our history. Drunkenness being the besetting sin of that period, I need scarcely add that many other vices followed in its train. But one vice then prevailed, which is now so completely out of date that there are many who will scarcely credit me when I state it—I mean that men of commanding talents and great acquisitions scrupled not, as examiners, for the sake of making money, to assign the highest honours in the power of the University to bestow, not on the *most deserving*, but upon those who had been fortunate enough to avail themselves of their instruction as *private tutors*!

*Private Tutors*, however, must have been very much needed in the University, if all the *College Tutors* were of the same stamp as Parkinson of Christ's. This gentlemen, it seems, was very busy courting "a Miss Charlotte Bridge, the most beautiful woman of the day," at the time when young Gunning was placed under his care. The lady lived about eighteen miles away, and the tutor went generally three times a week to see her. The consequence was, that the students were very much neglected, as we see by the following:—

We were lectured immediately after chapel, and generally in a very hasty manner, as Parkinson not unfrequently was equipped in boots and spurs, which his gown but ill concealed, and his servant was waiting with his horse ready to take him into Suffolk. We were usually dismissed with a recommendation to be better prepared for the next lecture. Addressing me particularly one morning, he said, "When you meet with any difficulty, come to me, and I will explain." It was not long before a difficulty occurred, and I applied for his assistance. He received me very kindly; but I fear he found me incorrigibly stupid; for, after two or three ineffectual attempts to remove the difficulties that puzzled me, he generally added, in a peevish tone, "I cannot make it any plainer,

Sir; it requires only common sense to understand it." Disheartened by the difficulties I met with, and annoyed at his contemptuous mode of treating my applications, I determined to give up reading altogether.

The lady to whom this neglect of his pupils was chiefly owing never married Parkinson after all, although she kept him dangling after her for years. At one time he expected to obtain the Mastership of his College, in which case there is no doubt the marriage would have come off. As it was, she finished by marrying a Mr. Wilshire, an Oxonian, whose father was the wealthy proprietor of a waggon-establishment at Bath.

Let us now give a picture of a justice of peace circa 1780.

I can well remember, when my father came to see me for a few days, his going to the quarter sessions, where he was both surprised and pleased to recognise his old college friend, Sir Francis Whichcote, sitting as chairman; they renewed their acquaintance, and my father willingly agreed to spend a day and night at Aswarby. In the morning, the baronet drove over for him; and, after spending a most agreeable day, they smoked their pipes together in the evening, and talked over their college adventures. Sir Francis pressed my father very earnestly to remain a week with him, and to his reply that he had three churches awaiting him the following Sunday, Sir Francis said he would send a guinea to the churchwardens of each parish, to be laid out as they thought proper, which sum he remarked would be a satisfactory excuse for the absence of the parson, unless Cambridgeshire differed very much from Lincolnshire.

That at this period the power of a magistrate was very great, and exercised with very little scruple, the following anecdote will prove:—

As Sir Francis was dressing next morning, he perceived the under-groom making very free with his wall-fruit. When breakfast was finished, he wrote a note addressed to the keeper of the House of Correction at Foulkingham, which he ordered the culprit to take without delay. The note contained the following words:—"Give the bearer a dozen lashes; he will guess the reason." This he signed with his initials. Whether the offender was conscience-smitten, or, what is still more probable, took advantage of the wet waffer to acquaint himself with the contents, I know not; but he bribed a helper in the stable, by the promise of a pot of beer and the loan of a horse, to take it for him. The governor, after reading the note, ordered the bearer to be tied up, and the directions were scrupulously obeyed, to the consternation of the poor fellow, who had no idea of why he was thus treated until his return, when his account of what had taken place caused much merriment in the stable-yard. The tale very soon came to the ears of the baronet, who laughed very heartily, and took no other notice of it than fining the delinquent half-a-crown for the privilege of being flogged by deputy, and ordered it to be given to the suffering party.

Of his undergraduate days, Mr. Gunning tells us the following about a

#### DON OF THE UNIVERSITY IN TROUBLE.

Dr. Kipling, who always preserved an *immeasurable distance* between himself and the undergraduates, was by no means popular among them; indeed, he mixed but little in any society, his time being much engrossed in a voluminous work he was preparing for the press. His principal relaxation was a daily ride to "the Hills," which at that time was the most frequented road amongst the members of the University. Returning one day, he picked up an ostrich feather which he saw drop from the hat of a lady, who was proceeding very slowly about fifty yards in advance. On overtaking her, he presented the feather, accompanied by an expression relative to his good fortune in being able to restore it. The lady thanked him for his kindness, and expressed her annoyance that her servant was not in attendance; said she had just left General Adeane's, and had no doubt but her groom was following her; but she feared he might have been induced to partake too freely of the well-known hospitality of the servants' hall at Babraham. The Doctor begged her not to be uneasy, as he should have much pleasure in attending her until her servant appeared. They had not proceeded far before they began to meet parties of young men, who were going out for their morning's ride. From the significant glances that were exchanged between these parties and the lady, Dr. Kipling could not fail to discover he had got into bad company. That he might rid himself of his new acquaintance as quickly as possible, he clapped spurs to his horse, which had been selected with the well-known Yorkshire discernment. The lady, however, was also well mounted, and, applying her whip briskly, kept up with the Doctor. When they entered the town, many familiar faces were encountered, who stared in utter amazement; and when passing Llandaff-house the horses were neck and neck. Fortunately for the Doctor, his stable was in Emmanuel-lane, and, his horse turning sharply round the corner, his companion proceeded on her way. The name of this person was Jemima Watson; she lived in expensive lodgings, where she was in the habit of receiving some of the most fashionable men in the

University. Many a laugh was raised at the expense of the Doctor's credulity in becoming so easy a victim to a previously concerted plan.

One of the most extraordinary characters with whom our author became early acquainted was

#### THOMAS PHILIP FOLEY.

He was Fellow of Jesus, and well known in the University as the handsome Foley; he was cousin to Lord Foley, and was possessed of some private fortune. His habits were gay and dissipated; he spent much time in London, and was frequently seen in public places in a scarlet coat, which at that time was the fashionable colour in the metropolis, and particularly affected by men of the University, for no other reason, that I am aware of, than its being denounced by our statutes. He obtained a college living very early. I will recollect his answer to me when I congratulated him upon his unexpected good fortune, as his predecessor had died so young a man. "Sir," he replied, "he was a man of my own years, but was *providentially* attacked with gout in his stomach, and died before he could have medical attendance." He did not long hold the living, but took a more valuable one in the gift of his own family. He afterwards became, what seemed to many incredible, a devoted follower of Joanna Southcote. I read many letters he wrote to his friend Mathew on the subject, in which he laboured most earnestly to convert him, and always expressed a wish that the letters should be shown to me.

Foley's acquaintance with this impostor commenced with a visit he paid her in company with a gay party for the purpose of turning her into ridicule. She told them, however, that one of their dinner-party on the previous evening was then seriously ill and would never leave his bed but as a corpse; an event which turned out to be true. This made such an impression upon Foley that he became one of her most ardent disciples, and even her secretary, in which capacity he worked hard to add to the number of her converts.

The following was one of the University customs in Mr. Gunning's early days, which he considers "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

After admission to their degrees, the Bachelors generally assembled in large parties to dinner, when everybody was obliged to swallow a considerable quantity of bad wine. The same evening at our college, and I believe in many others of the University, the Bachelors invited the Fellows to meet them at supper in the Combination-room, which invitation all the Fellows made a point of accepting. A handsome supper was provided, immense bowls of punch were emptied, and every one was compelled to sing a song or to drink an enormous glass of liquor by way of penalty. These disgraceful proceedings were carried on to a very late hour; and it was generally understood that no man should be called to account for anything he said or did on so joyful an occasion. On the following evening the Father of the College gave a similar treat to the same parties, which was conducted much in the same manner. I am happy to say that these disgraceful meetings have, in our college, for some years past, fallen into disuse.

We leave the bed-makers and barbers of the University, as well as a host of officials, from the Vice-Chancellor downwards, for the following extracts concerning Dr. Farmer, author of the "Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare":—

#### DR. FARMER.

For many years before he was elected to the mastership (of Emmanuel) he had the curacy of Swavesey, about nine miles distant, where he made a point of attending in all weathers. He began the service punctually at the appointed time, and gave a plain practical sermon, strongly enforcing some moral duty. After service he chatted most affably with his congregation, and never failed to send some small present to such of his poor parishioners as had been kept from church through illness. After morning service he repaired to the public-house, where a mutton-chop and potatoes were soon set before him. These were quickly dispatched; and immediately after the removal of the cloth, Mr. Dobson (the churchwarden) and one or two of the principal farmers made their appearance, to whom he invariably said, "I am going to read prayers, but shall be back by the time you have made the punch. Occasionally another farmer accompanied him from church, when pipes and tobacco were in requisition until six o'clock. Taffy was then led to the door, and he conveyed his master to his rooms by half-past seven; here he found his slippers and night-cap, and taking possession of his elbow-chair, he slept till his bed-maker aroused him at nine o'clock, when, resuming his wig, he started for the parlour, where the Fellows were in the habit of assembling on a Sunday evening.

It had been long whispered in the University that Farmer had made proposals to a daughter of Sir Thomas Hatton; that he was accepted by the lady; but that the father (although on the most intimate terms with Farmer) positively refused his sanction to their marriage. When the Baronet died, it was fully



expected that the engagement would be made public; but to the surprise of all who knew the parties, it was terminated in a most unexpected manner. Farmer employed Harwood to communicate to the lady his change of sentiments. A more unsuitable ambassador could not have been selected to make a communication of so delicate a nature; though it was a prevailing opinion that Farmer could scarcely have employed a more willing envoy, as Harwood was for the most part a resident at the Lodge, and his position there would have been considerably changed by Farmer's marriage. Both Harwood and Farmer were attacked with epigrams without end, to which (although the Public Oracle could not miss so fair an opportunity of attacking Harwood) Tweddell was the principal contributor.

It is not generally known that Dr. Farmer was twice offered a bishopric by Mr. Pitt, "which he did twice refuse," on the ground that he could not "discharge the duties of the episcopacy with that dignity and decorum which the office demanded."

Eventually, however, he accepted a residentiaryship of St. Paul's, an appointment he considered far more suitable, and in which situation he was very popular. Consistently with his love of good fellowship, he gave excellent dinners to the minor canons on a Sunday at one o'clock. In the evening a hot supper was always ready at nine, at which any friends from Cambridge, who chanced to be in town, were sure to meet with a hearty reception, and pass a convivial evening, which forcibly served to remind them of the hospitalities of Emmanuel-parlour. Farmer's mornings were usually spent in examining the old book-stalls in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's. He seldom travelled far west, and troubled himself but little about politics. His residence in town rarely prevented his being present on feast days at his own college. I well remember his exclaiming, on entering the vestry at St. Mary's, on Ascension-day: "I have had hard work to be with you in time, Mr. Vice-Chancellor; for at three o'clock this morning I was blowing my pipe with the worshipful Company of Pewterers."

Of Bishop Watson, Dr. Milner, William Frend, Archdeacon Wrangham, William Makepeace Thackeray, the late Mr. Recorder Law, and other distinguished personages, Mr. Gunning has preserved some striking reminiscences. He is most happy, however, in his description of the oddities and even blackguards of the University and town. To the latter of these two classes belonged

#### THE NOTORIOUS JEMMY GORDON.

Jemmy Gordon was the son of a chapel-clerk at Trinity, who in vain attempted to make him a respectable member of society. "He sang a good song, told a good story, had Horace at his fingers' ends, and was in the habit of quoting him with considerable effect;" and all this without having received a University education. He was brought up as an attorney; but, in spite of his accomplishments, he had a taste for nothing but the lowest blackguardism; so that eventually he became a common beggar, and, after having been frequently an inmate of the gaols, both of Cambridge and London, he at length died in Barnwell workhouse. He was a fellow, however, of some humour, as we see by the following:

Passing through Trinity College one day, he saw the Bishop of Bristol walking backwards and forwards in front of his lodge. Gordon accosted him in his usual strain, "I hope, my Lord, you will give me a shilling!" To this his Lordship replied, "If you can find me a greater scoundrel than yourself I will give you a half-crown." Jemmy made his bow; and, shortly after, meeting Beverley (another notorious character, of whom Mr. Gunning has something to say), he said to him: "Have you seen a messenger from the Bishop of Bristol, who is seeking you everywhere, as his Lordship wishes to see you on particular business?" Beverley thanked him for his information, and hastened to Trinity, Jemmy following him at no great distance. "I understand you are wishing to see me, my Lord," said Beverley, addressing the Bishop; to which the latter replied, "You have been misinformed, Mr. Beverley." At that moment Jemmy joined them, and, taking off his hat, most respectfully said, "I think, my Lord, I am entitled to the half-crown!" The next time the Bishop met Jemmy, he took an opportunity of proving to him that there was no great difference of opinion between them respecting Mr. Beverley.

Let us now glance at

#### A DIVINE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

One of the most extravagant and dissipated men in the University was William Moore, of King's, commonly known by the name of Billy Moore. He took his B.A. degree in 1783, and that of M.A., 1786. His education at Eton brought him into company with men of rank and fortune, and his expensive habits made him for some time their associate; but at length, his resources failing, and the tradesmen becoming importunate, he was seldom seen out of

college, except on horseback; and as he was a bold rider, and well mounted, he could then set his creditors at defiance. . . . Moore at last succeeded, by some plausible pretext, in obtaining a letter of licence from his creditors, by which he was enabled quietly to leave college in 1792, and to take possession of what was called the *Suffolk curacy*. He then became a great favourite with the country gentlemen, by whom his society was much sought; for he kept an excellent hunter, rode well up to the hounds, drank very hard (which in those days was considered an accomplishment); he sang an excellent song, danced remarkably well, so that the young ladies considered no party complete without him. During his residence in Suffolk, he made occasional visits to town, and frequented all places of public amusement, where no one would have supposed, either from his dress or address, that he was in holy orders. His home, when in town, was at Gray's-inn Coffee-house, where he took a variety of company, and paid the servants (who were the only members of the establishment he did pay) in a princely manner. At length his creditors became so urgent in their demands, that Mr. Moore found it necessary to seek a retreat within the walls of his college. He appears to have been especially welcome there, inasmuch as he contrived to annoy Mr. Simeon, whose conduct must have formed a disagreeable contrast to that of the other King's-men. All of a sudden he changed his mode of life, shut himself up in his rooms, and rarely associated with any one. In the course of a few weeks "A Ramble through Italy, by the Rev. William Moore, Fellow of King's College," was announced for publication. As he was a well-known character, many persons were desirous to see the book. The adventures related (which were all imaginary, as he had never been out of England) were amusing enough, although many of them were highly improbable. He was subsequently appointed to a living, by which he was enabled to launch again into the gay world; but his conduct was so notorious, that his companions were of a less respectable class than formerly, and he very soon became involved in pecuniary difficulties. The last account that reached the University was, that he was seen in "the basket" at a cock-pit, the usual punishment for men who made bets which they were unable to pay, as was often the case when luck was against them.

One of the oddities of the University was Mr. Smithson Tennant, Professor of Chemistry, who although remarkable for his want of punctuality, had a brisk way of

#### PACKING UP FOR THE CONTINENT.

During his residence at Emmanuel he agreed to accompany a friend to France, who, knowing his want of punctuality, thought it better they should travel to town in a post-chaise, as Tennant would be sure to miss the coach. The time was fixed for starting; the request that he would be ready when his friend called for him was faithfully promised, but not adhered to; for when the post-chaise stopped to take him up he had not finished breakfast. His friend complained bitterly at the detention, and his annoyance was much increased when Tennant said, "I have only to drink my cup of tea, and then I shall have nothing to do but to pack up." This unlooked-for intimation was scarcely to be endured; but when witnessing the process of packing up, his anger was converted into a hearty laugh. Tennant first removed the breakfast things, and then spread the table-cloth on the floor; upon this he emptied, with the utmost composure, the contents of a drawer which contained his linen; then, getting a second table-cloth of larger dimensions, he emptied into that the contents of another drawer, consisting of coats, waistcoats, &c.; to these he added shoes, boots, and brushes; and, tying up the corners in the same manner that college laundresses carry away the dirty linen, he announced he was ready. These two bundles were crammed into the chaise, and the two friends started.

The following anecdote reminds us of the late Rowland Hill; it is told of a celebrated dissenting minister at Cambridge, the Rev. Mr. Robinson:—

Upon one occasion when he was preaching, he dropped the immediate subject of his discourse, and made this observation: "It is a rule with me never to use an expression which the humblest of my hearers cannot understand. I have just made use of the term *ocular demonstration*; I will explain it to you. I look into the table-pew, and I see a young man in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat fast asleep." On pronouncing the last two words he raised his voice considerably, and, all eyes being attracted to the unfortunate sleeper, he added in a lower tone, "Of that I have *ocular demonstration*." He then resumed his discourse in his accustomed manner.

Such are a few specimens of the many good things to be found in these volumes.

We conclude with an epigram upon

#### SHUTE BARRINGTON, BISHOP OF DURHAM.

To understand it, we must premise that Barrington, the notorious pickpocket, and Shute the Bishop, were contemporaries; and that very

nearly at the same time the former was transported for felony, and the latter was promoted from the bishopric of Salisbury to the rich see of Durham, for some political service rendered to the Minister of the day. The epigram runs as follows:—

Two namesakes of late, in a different way,  
With such spirit and zeal did bestir 'em,  
That one was transported to Botany Bay,  
The other translated to Durham.

EVERYBODY is familiar with the name of FANNY FERN, and most persons with her works. She is an American authoress who has assumed that title, and given to the world a great number of exquisite sketches of rural scenery, much after the manner of Miss Mitford's "Our Village." All of them, we believe, first appeared in periodicals. Here is a new series entitled *Shadows and Sunbeams* (Orr and Co.), which have been published in one of the periodicals, and now are collected in a handsome volume. Liveliness is one of its characteristics, and not the least attractive.—The war is bringing out new writers on war topics. Here is an essay on *The Volunteer Rifleman and the Rifle* (Hardwick). It purposes to teach the use of that weapon.—Under the title of *Flowers for all Seasons* (Tweedie), Mr. J. B. Rogerson has published a collection of short poems, essays, and tales, of which it must be said that the tales are better than the essays, and the essays better than the poetry. We fear Mr. Rogerson does not understand that the purpose of writing for print is to say something new, not to repeat what others have said a thousand times and everybody knows already.—The fourth edition of *Fenn's Compendium of the English and Foreign Funds* has just appeared, edited, with all the information brought down to the present time, by Mr. Henry Ayres (Wilson). It is a mine of information upon the subject, containing masses of figures that show the debts of all the world, and a considerable part of its investments, as the Mines, Railways, Banks, and Joint-stock Companies. It will be invaluable to all engaged in money-dealing, share-broking, or speculation of any kind. It should be noted, however, that its lists of Joint-stock Companies are extremely imperfect. Scarcely half of the Insurance Offices are named.—*Sketches and Scraps*, by Y. S., were scarcely worth publishing. They contain no novelty of thought, nor brilliancy of writing—wherefore, then, are they put into print?—Had space permitted, we should have liked much to have given a lengthened notice of a little volume by Dr. Marshall Hall, entitled *The Twofold Slavery of the United States; with a Project of Self-Emancipation*. The "project" is very brief. He proposes a system of education and discipline and preparation; a just and generous premium to be placed on each slave; that taskwork and overwork be appointed him, in place of daywork, and that thus he may be led to achieve his own emancipation—the wages of his overwork being secured to him, with a liberal interest, by deposit in savings-banks with Government protection; and that it be open to the whole world to aid his efforts by contributions to his freedom-fund. This is so rational, so moderate, so obviously just to all parties, that such a solution of the problem would probably be adopted if the pride of "the Southerners" were not enlisted against it by the intemperance of their opponents. There is no reason why this scheme should not be perfectly successful, if the slaves really desire freedom. We recommend the little volume in which the plan is detailed, and the facts and figures stated on which it is based, to the perusal of all who interest themselves in the question of slavery, and especially to our many readers of both parties in the United States.—*My Comrade and My Colours* is a collection of short narratives of military adventure, by the Rev. Erskine Neale, M.A. The book is interesting; but we cannot help feeling that a Minister of the Gospel of Peace would have been better employed in cultivating the arts of peace than in stimulating the taste for war—which is the nurse of all crimes.—It seldom chances that gatherings from a magazine are worth the cost of reprinting. This arises from the character of periodical literature. It must adapt itself more or less to the moment; and, even if the subjects are not of passing interest, they must be treated in a style that amuses in detail, but wearies in the mass. *Whittings from the West*, by Abel Log, is no exception to the rule. They appeared in *Hogg's Journal*, and mightily amused its readers; but they have lost a great deal of their spirit when transferred to a sober volume to be read through. It is like drinking champagne to quench thirst.

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The *Westminster Review* is always welcome; for, although we differ from it in almost every religious and political opinion which it holds, it maintains its doctrines with so much ability, and such fairness pervades its discussions of them, that it is pleasant to turn from the abusive or dogmatic controversies in which too many of our contemporaries indulge, to pages where argument is the rule. And when it quits these exciting but dangerous topics for the calmer regions

of literature and art, the *Westminster* is distinguished by largeness of views now seldom found in the other quarterlies. The new number is full of interesting matter. The "Odin Religion" is a learned essay on the Scandinavian Mythology. "The Character and Prospects of the Greeks" is hopeful in its tone; the writer looking to them as the ultimate inheritors of the disputed territories in the East. Rajah Brooke has a long paper devoted to him; but the subject is weary and unprofitable. "History: its Use and Meaning" is a thoughtful article, full of suggestions to a reflective mind; and an extraordinary amount of practical good sense is contained in a paper on "The Sphere and Duties of Government," written by a brother (we believe) of Mr. John Chapman, who was cut off by the epidemic before he had completed it. "The Rise and Progress of Diplomacy" is a manifesto of the ultra-Radical doctrine, that "the people" should regulate foreign affairs. God help us if such a doctrine were to prevail. Imagine diplomacy conducted by Kossuth meetings and the editors of the *Leader*, who openly maintain that war is in itself a desirable thing! "Woman in France," is a pleasant paper; and "The Crystal Palace," a glowing eulogy, better adapted for a newspaper than for a quarterly review.

The *Church of England Quarterly Review* opens with a remarkable article on "Freedom of Inquiry" *à propos* of recent controversies within the Church. It takes the rational course of recommending rather their encouragement than their suppression, as tending to elicit truth. "Phases of Unbelief" is another theological paper of considerable power. The best literary essay is on "The Wonders of the Deep."

*Blackwood* is not so animated as usual this month. There is a want of some light papers to relieve the learning of the rest. "King Otho and his Kingdom" is the most readable. We miss, too, the fiction that usually adorns the columns of *Maga*.

The *Eclectic Review* has a capital review of De

Quincey; a useful paper on National Education; and a very flattering criticism on Sydney Yendys's "Balder."

The *Journal of Sacred Literature* continues to prosper under the management of Dr. Burgess. The new number has many interesting papers, on subjects connected with the history of religion—as on Milman's Latin Christianity, on the Historical Origin of the Passover, on the Scene of the Miracle of the Five Loaves; and some are on Scriptural Readings.

The Seventh Part of *The Land we Live in*, describes Lincolnshire and the Fens, Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk, almost every page being adorned with engravings of the first class.

Mr. G. Barnard has issued the Fourth Part of his Treatise on the *Theory and Practice of Landscape Painting in Water Colours*. It is profusely illustrated by coloured lithographs.

Part II. of Mr. Westwood's *Butterflies of Great Britain* gives a minute and popular account of their habits and transformations, with two coloured prints of the butterflies, and the caterpillars whence they spring.

The *London Quarterly Review* opens with a sledge-hammer assault upon Theodore Parker and the modern Deists. Another paper gives a detailed account of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. The American School of Ethnology will have some novelty; but the other topics treated of are somewhat stale now.

The *Progressionist* is the uncomfortable name of a new cheap periodical for the people. It contains much useful homely information, and advocates temperance; indeed, we suspect that it is a Temperance organ under a neutral name.

The *Journal of Industrial Progress* is an Irish magazine really devoted to the useful.

The October part of *Chambers's Journal* continues Mr. W. Chambers's interesting notes on America. The defect of the new series of this old favourite is

the absurd attempt to condense the literature and art of the month into two or three columns. That wretched failure should be abandoned, or it will, we fear, very seriously damage the sale. We not only feel this when reading it, but we hear the remark on every side.

The *Dublin University Magazine* excels, as usual, in and about poetry. Its "Harvest Home," is a genial notice of a batch of recent Poets. The Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes are continued, and are as amusing as ever. "The Three Mr. Smiths" is one of Slingsby's best told tales.

The *Ladies' Companion*, besides the fashions and engravings, has contributions of tale and poetry by divers well-known pens—among whom are Lady Wortley, Mrs. Cowden Clarke, Silverpen, Calder Campbell, &c.

Orr's *Household Handbooks* give instructions in "Table Observances," as carving, &c., and in "Domestic Cookery," which cannot be too much commended. The *Circle of the Sciences* continues Botany, by Mr. Smith.

The *Scottish Review* is another Temperance organ; but it treats largely of general literature, and has some able contributors.

*Bentley's Miscellany* for October addresses itself to the time, in its two opening papers on the Boulogne Fêtes and Sebastopol, and a third on Russia and the Russians. Grace Greenwood's narrative of her tour in Europe is extremely lively and interesting. Another attractive paper is an Undergraduate's account of a Visit recently paid to Bomarsund.

The *Art Journal* for this month takes for its engravings from the Vernon Gallery, G. Lance's exuberantly rich Summer Gift—that tempting table of heaped-up fruit; Sir M. A. Shee's Portrait of Morton the dramatist; and Poole's touching picture of "Job and his family." The *Domestic Manners* of the English and other papers are also lavishly illustrated with wood engravings.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### THE CRITIC ABROAD.

THIS is a sinful world—a very evil world! This is a delightful world—a very beautiful world! This world is strewn with thorns and brambles, to such extent, that no son of Adam can pass through it without mighty risk of damage to his nether and upper garments. At the same time this world is one bed of violets—a whole field of buttercups and daisies, whereupon bees hover and hum their content—whereupon dews sleep and awake to kiss dusty anthers! Other good things and things naughty are said, and have been said, of this world, down to a recent declaration of a well-known French *savant*, to the effect, that our world is soft within and crusty without, and that the upheaving of a continent is only such an effect as the blowing up of a kettle-lid by enraged steam. If any one doubts our word, he has only to refer to a recent paper read before the *Académie des Sciences* of Paris. The fact is that we look upon this world of ours through tears or laughter—through innocence or remorse—through tinted spectacles or Brazilian pebble eye-glasses. There is no sunrise to a sinner; and the saint can witness a gorgeous sunset, predictive of everlasting repose, through the most opaque clouds of evening. Respecting this world of ours, praised and abused as it is and has been, one thing is very certain, that we learn its lessons in spite of ourselves. We revolt like schoolboys, and endeavour to lock out the teacher. By legitimate door or battened window the schoolmaster enters, and tingling palms and aching knuckles bear witness that he has vindicated his authority. We are dragged through the syntax of life in spite of ourselves, and have knowledge of more declensions and conjugations, at the age, say, of forty, than the Eton Grammar takes notice of. All this we say in the presence of biographies, of men and women, of greater or lesser note, which have passed and continue to pass under our notice. We read alike the lives of saints and sinners; and from both we have the confession—the world teaches. And the world, we modestly presume to say, will continue to be a great teacher, reminding the vain and the idle and the lazy, with lusty administrations of pedagogic birch and ferrule, that tinsel will never pass for gold—that wishing to do will never supply the place of doing—and that the most angelic contemplation may be dead beaten by a poverty-stricken action; in confirmation of which we might quote Saint Anthony and the lowly cobbler of Alexandria.

We suppose it is that because we are firing lethal shot and shell into Russian forts, and making capture of Muscovite salt-boxes, we are flooded with a general history of the empire of the Czar, and are doomed to read of travels long made, and of Russian sovereigns long dead, and of transactions long forgotten, that seem to acquire interest and importance in the resurrection to which they are called by the events of the day. To whatever page we turn, however, we read the stern moral—the world teaches.

In our excellent contemporary, *L'Athénæum Français*, we have been reading of Paul I. from the inedited memoirs of Admiral Tchitchagoff—a very good name, no doubt, if one could but pronounce it. Paul came into the world honestly enough, we are bound to believe. It has been said that he was the son of Soltykoff, a lover of Catharine II.; but, then, his nose and eyes and general features proclaimed him the son of Peter III. We read, without surprise, that he was a flat-nosed Lapp, born to command a nation of automatons. When leg or arm of his subjects stirred, it was because his Majesty pulled the strings. He was of a squat figure, with high cheek-bones, and half bald; and, says the memoirist, his morals corresponded to his physical being. He was fiery, vindictive, and wicked. "Crammed with crotchets and subject to fits of furious anger, these defects were suspended, as it were, in his lucid moments, and hidden under the exterior of a superior education; but suddenly, and when least expected, he broke loose for motives the most futile and contemptible. Then he would see a crime in the most innocent action, and immolate his subjects to his frenzy." We are not told how the imperial madman was trained, or in what consisted his superior education. Catherine did her duty to him as a mother, according to the light given to her. She surrounded him with instructed people, and would have confided his education to D'Alembert, who declined to incommode himself with the mad-brained youth. Perhaps there never was a more illustrious dolt. When arrived at the age, not of discretion on his part, but at the age when discretion usually finds its way into the head of a youngster, his mother wished to make him conversant with affairs of government; but the Secretary of State, Prince Besborodko, was obliged to declare that neither he nor the Empress was able to make him comprehend anything. "Then," we read, "for fear of irritating his passions, and in the hope of softening him by indul-

gence, Catherine abandoned him to himself." The bough was not bent to any particular fashion, and the twig had it all its own way. The spoiled child began early to play at soldiers. The foolishly fond mother allowed him to form his own battalions. For the most part his men were deserters and the scum of the army, thieves and vagabonds gathered from every available quarter, which were by him submitted to Prussian drill. The consequences to the Russian nation, if it can be called a nation, may be well supposed. We translate:—

Paul proposed at once to destroy all that his mother had created, and then to Germanise the nation by violent means. He dismissed and loaded with affronts all who had been attached to the Empress Catherine; he refused to the memory of his mother the honours due to her; he apparently forgot her funeral in occupying himself with the exhumation of Peter III. Those who had served under this emperor, clothed in the German costume of the times, were stationed around his remains; Count Alexis Orloff himself received orders to assist at the ceremony. It is said that Paul had the intention to cut off his head, but that his old mistress dissuaded him. The remains of Peter III. were placed on a magnificent catafalque, in the place of honour, while the body of the Empress seemed to figure thereon as a mere accessory. Paul wished thus to fortify the false opinion that his mother had ordered the death of her husband. Out of hatred to his mother he abolished the orders of St. George and St. Vladimir, which she had instituted; he punished those whom he fancied had been wanting in respect to him when he was Grand Duke; and he had people put into prison for not having touched their hats to him a few years previously.

Like the modern sovereign of Naples, he had a particular horror of round hats and English top-boots! It was a crime in the eyes of this stunted Slave to wear such habiliments. The police had more trouble with *les chapeaux ronds* than with all the thieves in St. Petersburg or Moscow. We are prepared to read of any freak on the part of a madman. We can imagine Paul acting as court tailor, hairdresser, and mantua-maker. He would, had no Providence been above him, have regulated the size of a mouth or the length of an arm. His freaks were those of a man who would have been better entertained, for his own bodily and mental health, in a Colney Hatch establishment than elsewhere. We read such "orders of the day" as the following:

20th Jan. 1798: Coats of English cut are forbidden (*tes habits bourgeois à l'Anglaise*). Those of Germany, with an erect collar of at least two inches high,



and with cuffs of the same colour, are permitted; waistcoats of every kind are forbidden, and must be replaced by German vests (*vestes Allemandes*.) Laced ankle-boots, and twisted neckcloths are forbidden. They ought to be worn in a convenient manner, and without being too thick.

We are not exactly sure that we have rendered "grosses cravates, en s'entortillant le cou de mouchoirs," aright; but we suspect that the order of the day inhibited "belchers." Then

It is forbidden to every citizen to wear caps, be they furred, or padded with silk or other stuff. 18th Feb.: It is forbidden to waltz. 2nd April: Hair not to be allowed to hang down in front. 12th Aug.: Those who wish to have flowerpots must keep them inside their windows. 15th Sept.: It is forbidden to coachmen to cry, "Gare"—make way.

As a final sample:—

28th Nov.: Ladies are forbidden to wear blue overcoats with red collars or with white skirts.

These are snatches in history, and every snatch is pregnant with instruction. Some noise is made about a *Dictionnaire Napoléon*. This work was first published in 1838, under the title of "Napoleon, his Opinions and Judgments on Men and Things, in alphabetical order." The second edition, which has just appeared, is from the pen of M. Damas Hinard, and has been very much augmented by him, he having made use of the numerous documents which have appeared in recent years, and, among others, the "Correspondence du Roi Joseph." We hope, then, that we are now in possession of the Alpha and Omega of the great Emperor's thoughts and judgments. Under the title of *Sto Russkikh Literaturoff* ("A Hundred Russian Writers"), a work has appeared, which will be completed in ten volumes, in quarto, illustrated with portraits and engravings. Three volumes have already appeared, containing sketches of Miatleff and Benictoff, theatrical and miscellaneous pieces. The length of the numerous novels in this collection prevents us from giving any specimens of their literary value at present.

*La Logique subjective de Hegel* ("H's Subjective Logic"), translated by H. Sloman and J. Wallon. M. Sloman is a genuine Hegelian, and those who would know of Hegel's philosophy may attain their end sooner through a French translation than if they were to attempt the original. The analysis of the subjective logic is perfect, and must have been no easy labour, albeit it has evidently been a labour of love. The veteran Oskar Schade is again before the public as a literary antiquarian—*Laurin, ein altheutsches Gedicht*—an old German poem, reprinted from the Nurnberg edition. The editorial notes are useful; and the whole work is a valuable aid to the understanding of ancient German poetry. A work has just appeared in Paris, published by Lecou, giving a curious history of the Rosacruceans, and the statutes of their order. Whence this order of mystics, alchemists, theosophists, thaumaturgics, quacks, cheats, and cheated? We are unable to answer the question; but here is one attempt at a solution.

About the end of the fourteenth century, a German of the name of Rosencruz went to the East for the purpose of obtaining Oriental learning. Born of poor but noble parents in the year 1378, he was placed, at the early age of five years, in a monastery, where he acquired the knowledge of Latin and Greek. At the age of sixteen he became accidentally connected with a party of magicians, in whose company he worked for five years. It was not, however, until the completion of these preliminary studies that this young gentleman directed his steps to the East. Rosencruz had scarcely attained his twentieth year when he arrived in Turkey; he there remained some time, and it was there that he conceived a portion of his doctrine. Thence he travelled to Palestine, and fell ill at Damascus. Having heard of the wise men of Arabia, he went to a village of the name of Damcar to consult them. The philosophers inhabiting this village acted in an extraordinary manner. Notwithstanding that they had never before seen Rosencruz, they addressed him by name; received him with singular tokens of friendship, and related to him many things which had taken place in his German monastery during the twelve years he had resided there; and assured him, in addition, that he had long been expected by them as the destined author of a reformation of the world. They then communicated to him their secrets, with the view of enabling him to accomplish the glorious mission for which he was predestinated. Rosencruz proceeded to Fez, for the

purpose of there becoming acquainted with the Cabalists, then swarming in that place. After having got all he wanted, he went to Spain; but did not await the expulsion which awaited him, for having in that country attempted to establish his system of reform. He then returned to the country which he had left ignorant, but revisited as an "inspired" man; and there he commenced the extraordinary labours which were successfully terminated by the establishment of the society bearing his name.

## FRANCE.

*History of French Literature in the Eighteenth Century.* By ALEXANDER VINET. Edinburgh: Clark. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co. 1854.

THIS book, which was not written by M. Vinet, but is a compilation of notes taken at his lectures, bears somewhat of a posthumous stamp. M. Vinet, who was Professor of Theology at Lausanne, projected, during the summer of 1846, a course of lectures illustrative of the Literature of the Eighteenth Century. We have no reason to suppose that he intended these lectures for publication; but, however that may have been, after his death, which occurred suddenly, while the course was yet unfinished, the memoranda which the lecturer used were collated with notes taken by certain of the pupils who attended the course; and by this means the present volume was put together.

This is essentially an age of recapitulation and summing up; and the French have exhibited, perhaps, more industry than any other nation in ascertaining the conditions of their progress. Scarcely a corner of their past history has been left unexplored; and the history of their literature has been so thoroughly illuminated by the splendid labours of modern literati, that very little indeed remains to be explained. We do not intend to depreciate this book when we say (what is undoubtedly the fact), that it contains nothing new—probably not even a new theory; but we cheerfully admit its value as an excellent and comprehensive note-book upon the period of literature which it is designed to illustrate. To the advanced student of French literature, this volume, though it contains neither the comprehensive verdicts of a Villemain nor the minute learning of a Cousin, will nevertheless prove of great value; while to the beginner it will serve for an introductory outline, of which research will serve to fill in the details. One great advantage it decidedly possesses, which is claimed for it in the translator's preface—it gives some account of authors who are either entirely or all but unknown to the English reader. Literary historians are generally satisfied if they succeed in lighting up the summits of their subject; and, while they expend great labour and assiduity in informing us upon the minutest particular respecting such persons as the Duke de Saint-Simon, Fontenelle, and Voltaire, they are contented to leave Mlle. de Launay, Marivaux, and La Chaussée in the shade.

M. Vinet starts with an ingenious observation respecting the eighteenth century—that it is a resting-place between the criticism of the age which preceded it, and the infidelity of after-times. According to M. Vinet, men alternately give themselves up to a turbulent habit of calling everything into question, and to an idleness which seeks amusement in elegance and calm. Thus we find that Montaigne and Charron (to whom Rabelais might have been added) are reproduced, though greatly exaggerated, under the form of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists; while between them lies what M. Vinet not inappropriately calls "a transparent lake"—a lake of poesy, romance, songs, and memoirs. This is plausible, and quite intelligible. Activity and repose are the natural alternations of the human mind; and, after each succeeding period of rest, the current of thought flows on all the more resistlessly and impetuously. We are disposed, therefore, to give in our adhesion to this belief:—"In the sixteenth century, men deny and interrogate; in the seventeenth, they answer and affirm; in the eighteenth, they begin anew to put questions."

As we have before indicated, this volume is little better than a mere note-book, and must be used as such. M. Vinet has taken twenty-seven authors as illustrations of the century, and has given just such sketchy notices of them and of

their writings as best suit the temper of a lecture-audience. Among those twenty-seven, the known names are the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, Saint-Simon, Rollin, Crebillon, Le Sage, Prévost, Fontenelle, Vauvenargues, Montesquieu, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvétius, Buffon, and Rousseau; the rest are *dui minores*.

Generally speaking, M. Vinet's verdicts are distinguished by a high quality of impartial good sense, and a commendable contempt for that baseness which fawns before a great reputation. He takes them and their surroundings as he finds them, strips them of all imaginary attributes, and passes a cool, well-considered opinion upon the evidence of his own senses. Of the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, he rightly says:—"His style, clear and pure, but without ornament, has little real force—he was not a man of genius. His writings, though worthy of esteem, are not, when taken together, works of great value; they have not the power of exercising any remarkable influence over the understanding or the imagination; we have some difficulty in getting through them." What a fund of criticism is there in that simple fact; and of how many other writers (of great repute too) may it be said that we have some difficulty in getting through them! The following passage, too, referring to the Duke de Saint-Simon, is full of caustic candour:—

He was a Christian, but still without prejudice to the peerage; in the details of his life, he is incessantly smitten with the privileges of the nobles, and the sincerity of his religion does not prevent him from allowing himself to go to excess in the exercise of an insupportable pride, without ever reflecting on the matter. In this relation he still belonged to that conventional and representative age, in which religion, very true for him who professed it, preserved above all its character of propriety. Men intend to spend some weeks at La Trappe with the Abbé de Rancé, and begin by delaying their visit till they are gratified with all the vanities of the world.

In his admission that the Duke de Saint-Simon was a Christian, we must confess that our doubts are excited as to what M. Vinet's definition of a Christian may have been—Professor of Theology though he was; doubts which are rather augmented than dispelled, when we find him remarking (*à propos* of Louis Racine) that, "it must be confessed, serious Christianity in some respects hampers literary genius." This can only be true when the bent of that genius is opposed to Christianity. Soon afterwards, we were a little startled at finding *Manon l'Escaut* characterised as a "Treatise on Morality."

By far the most amiable character with which these lectures seek to familiarise us is that of Mlle. de Launay. We learn that she was of obscure birth, and received her education in a convent. At an early age she manifested great strength of character, as witness an incident which she herself relates, simple enough in itself, but a trial which few schoolgirls would have the firmness to undergo:—

Some boarders, of an age more advanced than mine, lent me romances. Some one saw that I was engaged in dangerous reading, and told me that I must give it up. I did so at the moment; and, although I stopped in the middle of an incident, which caused me great distress, yet I did not wish to see its end, and resisted all attempts to induce me to finish it: I have done few things which cost me so much.

With a cool head—which is not a common attribute of woman—Mlle. de Launay had an inflammable heart—which is. It was she who said that "every passion is extinguished when one sees the object of it as he really is;" but we do not find that she ever acquired that accurate power of vision. The distinguishing characteristic of her writings, which are contained in so small a compass as to be compared to "a little box of precious ointment," is their exactness. Love of truth with her amounted to a passion. The following trait exhibits her analytic turn of mind better than any description we can give.—

M. de Rey (she says) always showed to me great attachment. I discovered, by slight indications, some diminution of his passion. I went often to see Mlle. d'Epinay, at whose house he almost always was. As they lived very near my convent, I generally returned on foot, and he never failed to offer me his arm to conduct me home. We had to pass through a large square, and at the beginning of our acquaintance he took the road by the sides of the square. Then I saw that he crossed it in the middle, whence I concluded that his love had at least diminished by the difference between the diagonal and the two sides of the square.

The Marchioness de Lambert was more of the Sévigné school—a witty lady of rank, who carried

into the salons a keen power of observation, and sufficient tact to profit by what she saw. In her "Advices of a Mother to her Son" and "Advices to her Daughter," she is a sort of feminine Chesterfield, although (as M. Vinet happily remarks) the woman is evident by her gait. She wrote a "Treatise upon Old Age" and several essays upon morality; but her morality was of the *quod decet* sort, for we find her advising her son upon his duties towards the woman who had entrusted to him her honour. Wit and worldly wisdom, blended with the most feminine tenderness, shine throughout. "Admiration," said she, "is the inheritance of fools." One of her apophthegms may explain our modern phrase, "a fast man"—"To live in a constant bustle is to live fast; calm repose prolongs life." Her advice upon the treatment of servants is worthy the consideration of every mistress of a family.

Accustom yourself to treat your servants with kindness and humanity. One of the ancients said, *we should look upon them as unfortunate friends*. Consider that you owe only to chance the great difference that exists between you and them; do not make them feel their condition, and do not aggravate their trouble. Nothing is so low as to be haughty to one who is placed under you. Use no harsh expressions; that mode of speaking should be unknown to a person of a polished and delicate mind. As service is established contrary to the natural equality of mankind, it is our duty to sweeten it. Have we any right to wish our servants to be without faults, when we daily show them that we are not faultless?

And this is by a great French lady—a marchioness of the court of Louis XIV. ! One more gem from Madame de Lambert, and we have done with her. Speaking of the education of young girls, she said that "they should have, respecting science, a modesty almost as delicate as respecting vice."

Vinet's appreciation of Fontenelle is accurate and profound:—

Without being one of the great powers in the intellectual world, Fontenelle exercised in the empire of literature an influence which did not belong to more illustrious men. Real power is not measured by the noise which men make. That of Fontenelle, especially, proceeded on the rare temper which kept in equilibrium his opposing faculties. Large and thin, geometrical and literary, philosopher and wit, frivolous and yet in the main serious, a mind fond of paradoxes and yet just, a refined mind without being weak or false—which is worthy of remark, as refinement, weakness, and falsehood, generally go in company—an ingenious understanding, but excluding invention, for Fontenelle did not invent; in his opinions at once bold and circumspect, full of misgivings and discretion, cool and sympathetic, independent, but not an opponent of the Government, respectable and obliging, good-natured, very sociable, an egotist in theory rather than in practice; he boasted of being worse than he was: his actions always belied his words; and yet he has been judged more by his words than by his conduct, as the former were better known than the latter: a temperament such as his is met with in other men, but in none so marked as in him, and not set off by so great a superiority of intellect.

How thoroughly descriptive of the unimpassioned wit who laid it down as an essential condition of happiness to have the heart cold and the stomach warm!

A great admirer of Voltaire, (as, indeed, what Frenchman can fail to be so?) M. Vinet is not dazzled by the brilliant qualities of his hero. He is perfectly just when he says of him that "he was social, worldly-minded, restless, constantly going from place to place, not given to reflection or meditation, and no anchorite. . . . He is always satisfied with the first thought and sentiment, and in his case there is but one great effort

—he is instinct personified; and even in his literary criticism instinct still prevails." Afterwards he says, with great truth: "He was a natural man without resistance or counterpoise—a natural man elevated, so to speak, to the second place of authority, equally a stranger to the renewing of the mind which Christianity produces, and to that internal work by which certain men have in some measure renewed themselves."

One word as to the manner in which the work of translation has been performed by the Rev. James Bryce. As translations go, it is a very fair average; though we are sorry to say that an average is a very low standard indeed. Modern translators and their employers, the booksellers, appear to think that the imperfect knowledge of two languages, or at best a perfect knowledge of one, is all that is sufficient for the execution of a good translation. We cannot agree with them in this. To translate perfectly, the translator should be thoroughly acquainted with both languages. The common fault of these translations is the literal rendering of Gallicisms, arising from a neglect or misapprehension of the true meaning of idiomatic expressions. Thus, when we meet with such a sentence as this, "His jests *smell* of the college or the *child's-maid*," we know that the verb *sentir*, in its idiomatic sense, has been taken literally ("*smack*" would have been the proper English idiom); but we are at a loss to understand why such an unheard-of barbarism as *child's-maid* should be substituted for the homely nurse. The Rev. J. Bryce should learn moreover that "*one does*" is not the most elegant rendering possible to "*on fait*"—"the man" would have been more idiomatic; nor does "*from far*" strike us as any great improvement upon "*from afar*." The volume is filled with similar faults—trifling in themselves, but exceedingly unpleasant in the aggregate.

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

### SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

#### SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—The Earl of Harrowby, in his inaugural address to the members of the Association, which is customarily, and with great fitness, made the vehicle of an annual review of the advance of science, wisely availed himself of the assistance of men distinguished in their several departments of observation and research in the construction of a very systematic, useful, and business-like discourse, in which the progress actually made was jotted down in a manner comprehensible to all, instead of the most striking points being selected as texts on which to hang a brilliant period, or for oratorical display.

The first contributor was Professor Challis, who announces, as the conquest of Astronomy during the past year, four new planets and the same number of new comets: none of the latter having been, as yet, identified with any of their predecessors, which unfortunately is also the case with respect to the planets—the number of which, instead of being the mystic seven, bids fair to increase to seventy; equally to the inconvenience of astronomers and the juvenile students of Astronomical Catechisms. With respect to Stellar Astronomy, he pointed out the defects of the present catalogues of stars, and suggested as a fit task for the Association the construction and publication of a corrected catalogue of all stars to those of the ninth magnitude, based upon the reduced and published catalogues issued recently by our own and various European Observatories. The application of the voltaic current to determine the differences of longitude between the various European observatories, by means of signals transmitted by the wires of the Electric Telegraph, as well as to the maintenance of the movements of various clocks, all connected with and showing the time of our national Observatory at Greenwich, was alluded to; as well as the method just brought to bear in America, of taking Transit Observations by the intervention of the voltaic circuit, in which sight and touch only are employed, to the exclusion of counting—a mode affording more accurate observations than the former method. The Professor concluding his memorandum by some information respecting the literature of the science, of no general interest.

The President then alluded to Mr. Lassell's observatory at Liverpool, and the services of Mr. Hartnup in improving that all-important instrument to navigators—the chronometer; by which the errors arising from variations of temperature are either corrected, or estimated and allowed for—a subject of great economical importance, as regards both life and property risked at sea. He then passed on to various

instruments and apparatus projected and constructed under the auspices of the Association, especially noting the application of photography to record the daily appearance of the sun's disk—a series of observations of importance in relation to some very plausible hypotheses connected with the earth's magnetism. The self-registering instrument for recording the variations in the earth's magnetism was noticed, as well as the experiments of Fairbairn and Joule on the influence of pressure on the fusing points of bodies (CRITIC, No. 313) with their bearing on the internal condition of the Earth. Following this, a new theory of Earthquakes, deduced by M. Perrey, of Dijon, from a comparison of the records of several thousands of these vast phenomena—a theory deemed worthy of the strictest investigation by a committee of the French Institute—was submitted to the meeting. This physicist infers that Earthquakes may prove to be the result of the Moon's attraction on the assumed liquid nucleus of our planet—an influence somewhat similar to that exerted by her in producing the Tides.

Meteorology next engaged the attention of the President, who happily pointed out the services already rendered to mankind by the labours of Lieut. Maury and his fellow-workers in this department of Science; reading a memorandum drawn up by Capt. Fitzroy, detailing what has been effected by the observations already made on the winds, tides, currents, and temperatures of the Ocean. We quote Dr. Buist's estimate of a part of the good already brought about by these investigations:—"It has been shown that Lieut. Maury's charts and sailing directions have shortened the voyages of American ships by about one-third. If the voyages to and from India were shortened by no more than a tenth, it would secure an annual saving, in freightage, of 250,000*l*. Estimating the freights of vessels trading from Europe with distant ports at 20,000,000*l* a year, a saving of one-tenth would be about 2,000,000*l*; so that every day lost in bringing this system into universal operation costs the shipping interest some 6000*l*., without reckoning the war navies."

Such are the benefits Science confers, if men will but avail themselves of her assistance; and in the case of Meteorology, to the Seaman she offers not merely the means of saving time, wear and tear, and consequent expenditure, but also, by the various means she places at his disposal, enables him to foresee and to escape the hazards of the impending storm or the dangerous icebergs.

The noble Earl then glanced lightly and rapidly over several branches of Science; dwelt at some length on the importance of Statistics to the well-being of a State; and paid a well-merited compliment to the skill and acuteness displayed in the collection and analysis of the constituent elements of this Kingdom

by the Census Report of 1851. Geography, and its doings, was the next theme, although, singularly enough, no allusion was made to the solution of the great geographical problem, the discovery of the North-West passage, which has reached us since the Belfast meeting, and which sets at rest the phantasm on which the most daring of our seamen have always dwelt with ardour since the time British enterprise became signal at sea. Arctic discovery is a portion of our history which we may always contemplate with unalloyed delight. Brilliant in conception, careful in preparation, steady in prosecution of their designs, have been the long list of the celebrated sailors who have bent their energies to this absorbing subject; whilst the resolution, cheerfulness, fortitude, and piety displayed by leaders and men in these expeditions render them peculiarly attractive, apart from their scientific interest. Glad are we to find that the daring solver of this time-honoured problem has arrived in safety among us again.

The President then entered fully upon a subject much debated amongst us just now, viz., the advisability of facilitating the acquirement of the natural sciences, and whether they should or should not form a portion of the ordinary educational curriculum; closing his address with some remarks on the nigardiness evinced by the guardians of the public purse towards those men who devote their energies and lives to the advancement of Science—remarks which lead us to hope, in the event (by no means an unlikely one in the revolution of the political wheel) of the noble Earl's advent to power, that the sentiments of the President of the British Association will be put in practice by the Minister.

Well-attended and useful to science in many ways as the meeting of this year has been, there was no discovery of importance announced to render the Session of 1854 a noted one in the annals of the Association. Of the subjects of general interest, undoubtedly, the lecture by Professor Owen, "On the Apes most resembling Man," bears the palm; in which this distinguished anatomist grappled with the two vexed theories of the Unity of the Organisation of Man, and of Progressive Development, to the delight of all, and the conviction of most of his hearers. It may not be amiss, even at risk of telling a well-known tale, to recapitulate a few of the most important of the facts and conclusions detailed and adopted by the lecturer. During the examination of the resemblances of the highest orders of Apes, the Orang, Chimpanzee, &c., to Man; the causes which modify specific characters were carefully traced out, to show how far it was possible for the action of any such known causes to have operated, so as to produce in these Apes a nearer resemblance to humanity than they actually exhibit. Thus, the characteristic



great superorbital ridge of the skeleton of the Gorilla Ape could not have been produced either by the habitual action of the muscles, or by any other known influence which, operating upon successive generations, at length produces a marked change in the form and proportions of the osseous structures. The differences, among others, found between the pelvis and the pelvic extremities of Man, and the great Chimpanzee, —to say nothing of their specific dental distinctions—forcibly contravene the hypothesis of transmutation and progressive development. The unity of the Human species is demonstrated by the constancy of those osteological and dental characters to which attention is especially directed in investigating the corresponding characters in the higher *Quadrumana*; so that among the primitive and unalterable specific characteristics of Man, we find the equable length of the human teeth, the concomitant absence of any interval in the dental series, and of any sexual differences in the development of particular teeth—peculiarities which are proper alone to Man. Such are some of the grounds on which the anatomist has arrived at the great generalisation that "Man is the sole species of his genus, the sole representative of his order. He has no nearer physical relation with the brutes than those arising out of the characters that link together the great group of placental mammals, the *Unguiculata*."

In the section of Mathematical and Physical Science, Mr. Gray advanced the hypothesis of the identity, both in their nature and origin, of Aërolites and Asteroids. He examines the dates of 175 authenticated (?) instances of falls of aërolites, extending over three and a half centuries; and shows that double the number fell during the months of the summer solstice, June and July—i. e. when the Earth is at her aphelion, or furthest distance from the Sun—to those which occurred during the period of the winter solstice, or in December and January, when the Earth is in perihelion. So that, granting these bodies to form part of the system of the asteroids whose orbits are superior in their mean distance from the Sun to that of the Earth, it is evident their chance of coming within the sphere of the Earth's attraction is greatest when she is in aphelion: which coincides with the above-observed facts. Mr. Gray also cites some recent calculations of Le Verrier in support of his views, and cleverly presses into his service the calculated relative densities of the planetary bodies and their positions in our Solar system, as compared with the average density of meteorolites and their presumed position as offshoots of the asteroids in our planetary system; showing that the density of these aërolites, an average one of 3, would place them between Mars, of the density of 5.20, and Jupiter, 1.40; which is, undoubtedly, coincident with the position of the Asteroids. Mr. Gray regards these aërolites as wholly distinct from the beautiful phenomena of luminous meteors (falling stars)—assigning to these latter a cometic, in lieu of the planetary nature he attributes to aërolites.

Professor Tyndall exhibited some experiments showing various peculiarities of the Magnetic Field, accompanied by remarks and explanations on their nature and probable laws; a discourse which elicited a valuable debate on many points connected with paramagnetic and diamagnetic bodies, and to which we may return on a fitting opportunity.

Sir J. Ross brought under the notice of the section a memoir on the Deviation of the Magnetic Needle peculiar to Liverpool; with the object of proving the adjustment of a ship's compasses when made in the Mersey to be necessarily incorrect, which he attributes to the peculiar local attractions, as the large masses of iron on the shores, &c., to be met with in this river; and which so affect the needle's deviation as to make this adjustment incorrect—an error which has already been the cause of many fearful shipwrecks. Sir John closed his remarks with suggesting methods by which this error and its terrible consequences may be avoided, and the true deviation of the needle determined.

The Rev. Dr. Scoresby read a paper on a kindred subject to the above, in which he illustrated the disastrous consequences of the change which occurs in the action of the compasses in iron ships, by the harrowing circumstances attending the loss of the *Tayleur*, whose three compasses had been "adjusted" and reported correct by competent authority, before quitting the river; but in which a material difference was observed when she had been three days at sea: the result of this was shipwreck, which the Marine Board of Liverpool on investigation decided was "caused by a deviation of the compass, the cause of which they were unable to determine."

Mr. Towson, the discoverer of the system of navigation called *Great Circle Sailing*, by which the length of voyages has in so many instances been vastly diminished—in acknowledgment of which great benefit conferred on his fellow-men, we are glad to see the Liverpool gentlemen propose bestowing on this good citizen pecuniary reward as well as well-merited eulogiums—followed in the wake of Dr. Scoresby, confirming his views; so that it is to be hoped the attention of the Government officials, as well as of the shipowners of this country, is effectually aroused to the necessity of bringing all the aid which science can afford to bear upon this subject, involving so

vast an amount, not of property merely, but of human life.

In the Chemical section no subject of very general interest was brought forward.

Geology, during the past meeting, did not yield its usual quantum of interesting matter. A discussion originating with Mr. J. Nasmyth, on the structure of Lunar Volcanic Craters, slipped into the question of the existence of Water or an Atmosphere in the moon; a subject which we suspect will long remain debateable ground, although there is little doubt that the balance of evidence is considerably against the existence of an atmosphere, or aught which, like water, would produce one, on the surface of our satellite.

Memoirs and discussions on the existence of glaciers during the Palæozoic period, and on various points connected with glaciers, succeeded: leading to the conclusion that the Permian period may have included both temperate and torrid climates; which, if borne out by subsequent observation, must considerably influence several geological doctrines.

In the Geographical and Ethnological Section an animated debate arose respecting the possibility of a Russian invasion of the Anglo-Indian territory, *apropos* to a pleasant selection, by Mr. D. Seymour, of extracts from the travelling notes of General Fevrier in Central Asia; which, alluding to the gradual step-by-step system of colonisation pursued by Russia, expressed a conviction that this silent yet persistent advance jeopardised the ultimate security of our Empire in India. The traveller held that there was no material obstacle to the success of an advancing army through the steppes of Turkistan and Afghanistan, since there is no want of water, transport, fuel, or provision—a statement certainly at variance with the received belief on this subject; whilst, in addition to this, the line between the Caspian and Aral was already provided with wells held by Cossacks. The gentlemen present, most competent to form a judgment on the subject, ridiculed the idea, excepting Colonel Chesney, who expressed his belief that the Russians might penetrate to Hindostan by way of Persia; whilst the Rev. Mr. Arthur showed that the general belief that the peninsula had always been exposed to foreign aggression was an utter fallacy; and that, from the invasion of Alexander, only Mahmoud the Great had ever attempted this enterprise.

Mr. Seymour, who cleverly contrived to make his geographical experiences subservient to the all-absorbing topic of the day, gave to this section a capital sketch of his travels in the Caucasus and the Crimea. The latter is peopled by four races—Tartars, who formed the bulk of the population; the descendants of the Greek colonists; Jews; and Russians. To the North, from Perekop to Simpheropol, the country consisted of a succession of cold and barren steppes. Then it gradually became more undulating and wooded—Simpheropol itself being a pretty and commodious town. At Balaklava was the ruined palace of the former Khans of the Crimea, a beautiful fragment of Moorish architecture. This traveller corroborates the accounts we have before heard of the "jobbery" which has prevailed in the construction of the defences of this arsenal, whether ships or batteries. Of the southern coast he gave a delightful description. The slopes abound in vines; and old Greek tumuli are to be met with everywhere. The shores of the Black Sea to the east are also rich in vegetation, and very beautiful—resembling the coast of Malabar. He terminated his observations with a description of the Caucasus, interspersing it with numerous anecdotes of the Russian troops stationed there, of Schamyl and the Caucasian tribes; and urged both the policy and the feasibility of so conciliating these mountaineers as to interpose them as a barrier against the further extension of the Russian empire eastward; and hinted at the possibility of the revival of Christianity in this region, where some of its customs and memorials still survive.

Mr. Cull read a communication from Dr. Freund upon an oft-debated question, the Etruscan, which left it just as doubtful as ever who the Etruscans were, and what language they spoke; the probability, however, being in favour of the tradition that they were an Alpine race.

In the Statistical Section, the Preston strike gave rise to an animated discussion, provoked by a paper on the subject by Mr. H. Ashworth, who calculated the loss sustained by the entire community by the late unhappy contest at no less a sum than 533,250*l*. Some striking facts connected with this subject were detailed by the Chaplain of the Preston Gaol, the Rev. John Clay, who stated that the numbers engaged in the strike amounted to between 17,000 and 18,000 persons, of whom 11,800 were females. It appears also that, during the six months of the continuance of the strike, the number of infantine deaths amounted to 497; whilst in the previous six months, when the women were at work in the mills, the number was 594—a statement which naturally induces the question of the propriety of discountenancing the employment in our cotton-mills of women who had infants at home requiring their attention.

The reverend gentleman also communicated to the section a paper "On the effects of Good and Bad Times upon Commitments to Prison," in which he clearly showed the prevailing opinion of the connection of

"hard times" and crime to be an erroneous one. High wages, in Mr. Clay's opinion, were but a means of enabling the ignorant and uneducated poor to gratify their passion for drink, which is invariably fatal both to their comfort and character. During the strikes the number of petty offences among the youthful population greatly increased—a circumstance he attributed to idleness, rather than to poverty. In 1853 the prosperity of the country had seldom been equalled; but the wholesome lesson which it might have been supposed "hard times" would have taught was utterly thrown away; and thousands, who had nobly struggled against poverty, yielded to the temptations of high wages and vicious indulgences, whilst drunkenness lamentably increased. The Recorder of Birmingham, Mr. Hill, corroborated these views, stating that crime was on the increase, and drunkenness also—this vice and idleness prevailing to such an extent, that in Birmingham, during "good times," the artisans often could not be got to work before Thursday. The Earl of Harrowby advocated the extension of rational entertainments and amusements as the best antidote to the public-house, and the introduction of religious and political topics to Mechanics' Institutes; these two, at present tabooed subjects, being the very branches of knowledge most needed by working men.

In the Mechanical Section Mr. Scott Russell read a paper, "On the Progress of Naval Architecture and Steam Navigation," in which he pointed out the advantages derived by this Art from the removal of legislative restrictions; so that we were only now arriving at the true principle of constructing ships, in spite of the examples afforded us by the smuggler, the pirate, the more peaceful old London wherry, the Turkish caïque, and the boats of India; all of which were built on the true principle to obtain speed—a point of impossible attainment with the old bluff round-built vessels, which impeded their own progress by heaping up a mound of water against their bows. This has led to a complete reversal in ship-building of former lines; for, whereas the broadest part of the ship used to be only a third of the ship's length from her bows, her broadest part is now nearer to the stern than the bow, in the proportion of three to two. No steamship of less than 180 feet in length can be propelled at the rate of sixteen miles an hour without a wasteful expenditure of power; whilst 400 feet is the shortest length, if twenty miles an hour be the speed required. For the building of ships of this large size, a practical difficulty obtains in the want of wood of sufficient size to yield the requisite strength, since no means of junction yet adopted gives joined timber of the same strength as the entire wood; but iron is here available, Mr. Fairbairn having succeeded in joining iron, and of rolling plates to any size required. Mr. S. Russell concluded his observations with a description of the enormous vessel now being built by him on the Thames, for trading to India and Australia, which is to carry her own coals for the voyage. The most celebrated ships of antiquity or mediæval times—whether the Ark, the ships of Ptolemy Philopator, the ship sent him by Hiero from Syracuse, or the *Great Harry*—cannot rival the steamer now in course of construction. She is expected to make the voyage to Australia in thirty days, carrying 1600 passengers, as well as freight and coals. Her length is 675 feet; her beam 83 feet; and her depth 60 feet; and she will draw 20 feet of water when light, and 30 feet when loaded. Mr. Fairbairn, although he had at one time doubted whether such a ship would not prove too large for strength, had now no doubt of her proving perfectly strong and able to bear a gale of wind without bending.

Plans for reefing topsails from the deck; and for ventilating ships, especially those devoted to emigration; and a scheme, already published, for destroying ships by means of a marine mortar fired at the bow of a strongly-built vessel propelled by steam—were laid before the section. The subject of air-engines was treated of by Mr. Rankine; and Col. Chesney read a report on Lifeboats, which shows how lamentably this subject has been neglected. It appears that a well-organised service of lifeboats is attached to the Port of Liverpool, which, since 1840, has rescued 1329 lives from wrecked vessels, and property estimated at 600,000*l*. The English coast generally is sadly deficient in these aids in distress; whilst Scotland and Ireland are so wretchedly provided, that the Liverpool establishments exceeded those of all Scotland, and nearly doubled those belonging to Ireland.

The various causes by which wrought iron becomes weakened by use, whether such weakening is evidenced by boiler explosions, breaking of railway axles, or the like, gave rise to a useful discussion on this important subject. Mr. Wm. Clay detailed the mode of constructing and hanging the flywheel at the Mersey forge—the largest flywheel in the world, being 35 feet in diameter, and weighing 60 tons; as well as a method of rolling iron in a tapering form, for anchors, &c.

Mr. Fairbairn brought the subject of the consumption of smoke before the Section: reading a report drawn up in Cornwall respecting this matter; and recommending the plan we have known successfully employed and capable of immediate and universal adoption, of giving a premium to stokers and engine-drivers for the smallest consumption of fuel, with fines for its extravagant use. The plan we allude to

was, by careful trial, to ascertain how much fuel was requisite to drive an engine so as to yield the power required in the works; and paying the engineer a given sum per ton for the weight he could save per week out of this allowance, fining him, on the other hand, if there be a deficiency of power.

Several communications, and some of interest, have necessarily been unnoticed in this abstract of the proceedings of the late meeting of the Association; the more important of which are reserved for separate notices hereafter. The next gathering, in the coming year, is to take place at Glasgow, under the Presidency of the Duke of Argyll. HERMES.

### POPULAR MEDICINE.

#### THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

##### I. NEW BOOKS.

*A Discourse on Medical Botany.* By EARL STANHOPE: being the substance of ten published addresses, delivered by him to the Medico-Botanical Society, of which he was president. London, 1854.—This discourse, which does credit to the good sense and good intentions of its noble author, first sets forth in plain terms the objects of the Medico-Botanical Society, and then shows that such a society is necessary, and is likely to be useful. As this society is little known, and is established on principles much in accordance with the popular belief of the times, a notice of its object and aims may not be unacceptable to our readers. The general design of the Medico-Botanical Society is, to extend and improve our knowledge of the medical virtues and uses of the various products of the whole vegetable world, by means of botanical inquiries, and chemical analysis, and by medical investigations and experiments. This is proposed to be carried out by cultivating medical plants, improving pharmaceutical preparations, experimenting on the medicinal properties of plants, &c. And this will be done through the medium of lectures, correspondence, publications, and honorary or pecuniary rewards to the authors of discoveries. In the course of his lecture, Lord Stanhope mentions instances in which vegetable preparations have been shown to be possessed of a healing power, although they are not placed among the *Materia Medica*; and in other cases allusion is made to the administration of vegetable medicines by non-medical persons, with success. Thus, he says:—"I have known, for example, that an infusion in vinegar of the leaves of the common artichoke has been administered with great advantage in cases of rheumatism, and without acting always as a diaphoretic; and has accomplished a cure when other remedies had failed, although that plant is regarded by a medical writer as merely diuretic, and useful only in dropsy." We must say however, in passing, that after the recent exposure of the absolute fallacy of facts in establishing the treatment most successful in cholera, the one fact adduced by Lord Stanhope, in the above quotation, must be multiplied by something like a thousand, to become of any real value in science. Nay, the established medical creed in the therapeutic properties of drugs is founded upon hundreds of thousands of experiments. This creed comprehends, therefore, but very few articles in the vegetable world, and invests these with very few virtues. To quote another instance in which a principle may be erroneously deduced from a single sequence—Earl Stanhope says: "Even in acute disorders, the repetition of a [small] dose may be preferable to one more powerful in its immediate activity; and the principle is often illustrated in nature, that an effect is produced, not by the force, but by the frequency with which the cause operates, and could not, in some cases, be produced otherwise with safety. The celebrated Dr. Tronchin, a disciple of Boerhaave, removed with ease and expedition, by administering every half-hour a small quantity of coarse sugar dissolved in tepid water, a visceral obstruction which had continued for many days, and which became very painful and alarming; but, if a violent remedy had been employed, great injury might have resulted to the patient." (p. 25.) Now we fully grant the principle, and a very important one it is, that many medicines act better in small and divided, and oft-repeated doses than in large and violent doses; but the case above quoted in illustration of the principle is rather unfortunate. In this and in other instances his Lordship betrays too painfully the disadvantage of a want of medical knowledge; and we are sorry to see so large a portion of this really interesting discourse occupied with tales like the one recently quoted, which will only serve to excite a passing smile of incredulity in every medical reader. From this criticism, however, we turn with pleasure to many important and useful observations on the prospects of success presented by the more enlarged and extended study of medical botany. There are hundreds of species of plants growing wild in our own country under the name of weeds. Few of these are now used for medicinal purposes, and still fewer have found place in the *materia medica* of the College of Physicians; and yet Earl Stanhope thinks it probable that, as the All-wise hath created nothing in vain, all of these so-called weeds are probably endowed with some degree of healing virtue, although we are

at present ignorant of it in the case of a large majority. His Lordship further suggests that, if medical properties are known to reside in certain plants, by analogy we may be justified in searching for similar properties in other plants which possess some identity or correspondence in their anatomical structure or chemical properties. As a sample of the tone of our author's mind, and of the elegance and simplicity of his style, we quote his concluding paragraph:—"A wild field, which has not yet been adequately explored, is open to your researches; and in every step of your progress you will be interested by the curiosity of the objects that surround you, and will be animated by the consideration that your pursuits are not insignificant or unimportant in their nature, and do not resemble those laborious and unprofitable inquiries of which the difficulty seems to constitute the only merit; but that they are, on the contrary, of the utmost practical utility, and are directed to the benefit of mankind. May you in your progress prosper as you deserve, and as I ardently desire; may you receive the approbation of all those who witness your laudable exertions; and may you attain that success which is confidently anticipated from them, and which is due to industry and talents, when they are usefully employed. The success, which I fervently hope will crown your patience and perseverance—the discovery in the vegetable kingdom of an efficacious remedy for any of those disorders which afflict humanity, and which, hitherto, have been found difficult of cure, or have baffled the art of medicine, would be attended with such a reward as no society could bestow. It would confer upon its author an imperishable fame, extending to all civilised countries, and exciting the gratitude of future generations, as well as of the present age. And last, but not least, amongst these considerations, the author of such a discovery would carry with him to the grave the consolatory reflection that he had eminently fulfilled his duty, and discharged the solemn obligation imposed upon him by Providence, which has placed us in this world as the common children of one parent, for the benefit and assistance of each other."

*Sulphur as a Remedy in Cholera and Diarrhoea.* By JOHN GROVE, M.R.C.S.L., Fell. Roy. Med.-Chir. Soc. &c. &c. Second Edition.—Mr. Grove is known to the profession as having given his mind to the study of epidemics, and as having announced his views of their nature and origin in a volume published three or four years ago,\* in which, if we recollect rightly, he endeavoured to trace every epidemic to a germ as its origin. The pamphlet before us is more practical; and, indeed, we were somewhat disappointed in finding no theory to explain the success which has attended the treatment of cholera by sulphur in his hands. He ventures, indeed, to assume, though somewhat warily, that sulphur being one of the natural constituents of the human body, "may occasionally be deficient, though at present we are not able to detect the symptoms which indicate such a state." The facts which Mr. Grove cites, as evidence of the utility of sulphur in cholera, are, that he has been told, "on undoubted authority, that the only remedy which has been effectual in the cure of those diseases which have appeared as a murrain among cattle for the last few years is sulphur;" that the same remedy has been effectual when administered to pigs "when they have been scoured and cramped;" "that pigs killed when suffering under the disease have the blood dark and pitchy, and that it flows with difficulty; but should sulphur have been given, the blood will have entirely lost its abnormal character;" that "Dr. Bird, of the United States, asserts that in the neighbourhood of sulphur springs cholera does not prevail," and that "he has tried sulphur in cholera and found it a valuable remedy;" that "Mr. Blacklock, of the Madras Medical Establishment, considers sulphur not only a valuable remedy in cholera, but he believes, if sulphur were administered as a prophylactic, cholera might be banished from the army as scurvy has been eradicated from the navy;" that, induced by these suggestions, Mr. Grove himself tried sulphur in cholera in 1849, and since that time he has had further opportunities of testing its advantages, and that the results—some of which he gives in the form of detailed cases—are as certain and as uniform as any within the domain of medicine. He concludes that sulphur is an antidote to the cholera poison, and probably to other epidemic diseases. The mode in which Mr. Grove prepares and exhibits the sulphur may be of some importance. We therefore give it entire. He takes four ounces of pure precipitated sulphur and an equal portion of bicarbonate of soda. These he triturates and combines in a mortar, adding, by degrees, twenty-four ounces of compound spirit of lavender. When this is well mingled, he adds, in like manner, seventy-two ounces of water. Of this mixture the patient takes two tea-spoonsful in a little water every two, three, or four hours, in simple diarrhoea; but, if the case is urgent, every ten minutes or quarter of an hour. In sudden attacks, when the patient is suffering severely, Mr. Grove adds to the first dose from ten to thirty minims of laudanum or Battley's sedative. Mr. Grove does not repudiate other remedies for pressing symptoms, such as cressets for excessive vomiting, &c. We have said that Mr. Grove offers no theory explanatory of the power of sulphur in cholera. At page 16

of his pamphlet, however, he offers a hint or two which is worthy of observation. He looks upon "a tendency to decomposition" as existing in the body under an attack of epidemic disease; and he says: "Supposing this decomposition to be commencing (in cholera), what agent have we, simple in itself, harmless as regards the vital actions, natural as a constituent of the body, and useful as a stimulant and alternative? I unhesitatingly affirm sulphur to be that agent. After a dose or two of this medicine have been taken, the whole body soon becomes under its influence; every portion of the skin exhales the peculiar odour of that substance; and a genial warmth and moisture pervade the whole surface. When I have discovered this effect to be produced on any patients under the influence of the cholera-poison, I have always been able to pronounce them safe, and hitherto, I can honestly say, without one disappointment: (p. 17.) It remains only for us to say that, although there are several minor matters to which we might demur, this little book is worthy of study. Mr. Grove has a philosophical mind, and writes in an intelligible style; and, although the facts adduced are too few to warrant any positive opinion, they are valuable as facts, and the author has done a service to the public by their publication.

*Three Lectures on the Injuries incidental to Warfare, addressed to the Officers and Privates of the Royal London Militia,* have been published by Mr. G. BORLASE CHILDS, the Surgeon to the Corps. The object of the lectures is "to alleviate the condition of the wounded in war; to restore to the soldier, when injured by shot or sabre, his presence of mind, and with it the energy required to place himself in comparative safety on the field." This endeavour to instruct the officers of the corps in some of those simple duties which may assuage the sufferings or save the lives of the wounded in battle, in the immediate absence of surgical aid, is creditable to Mr. Childs; and though we hope and trust the officers of the Royal London Militia will never be called upon to carry out these instructions into actual duty, yet they will be equally valuable as a *rade mecum* to all who are at any time likely to partake of the honours and horrors of the battle-field. Nor would the study of such a book be wholly useless at home, as the following passage may show:—"A boy climbing a wall, for example, cuts his hand deeply with glass; a person draws a cork, the neck of the bottle breaks, and, as the phrase is, he cuts his hand to the bone; or, in a drunken brawl, a large knife is drawn through the hand of the assailant or assailed. Now is it not lamentable that, although numbers of persons may be standing by, many of whom are said to be educated, yet not one can be found to give rational advice to the sufferer—not one competent to act on an occasion of so much importance—it may be of life and death. A cry is raised, 'Run for a surgeon.' The wounded person feels, perhaps, that he had better run himself. He does so. The faster he runs the faster the purple tide gushes from the wound. He has kindled up the heart's action; the forcing-pump or piston I spoke of to you now acts with tenfold energy, in consequence of the excitement of running; and thus, instead of losing a few ounces of blood, pounds speedily flow on the pavement as he runs along. All the common-sense of the persons standing by is of no avail;" (p. 45.)

### ART AND ARTISTS.

*A Dictionary of Terms in Art.* Edited and illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

This useful book of reference appeared in the *Art Journal*, whence it has been reprinted in a complete volume. It is, as its title implies, a cyclopaedia of the terms used in art; and, to make description more intelligible, the author has illustrated the work with upwards of 500 engravings. It is a handbook for all who are interested in art, whether professionally or as amateurs.

A LARGE lithograph *View of the Battle of the Alma* has already made its appearance: (Tegg and Co.) We are not informed from what authority it comes—whether it was taken on the spot, or from memory, or is the product of an inventive genius at home; but the great rapidity of its issue has a suspicious look. However this may be, it is doubtless a tolerably correct picture of the country—the foreground being the line of the coast, with the Russian intrenchments in the rear, and the allied armies marching across the plain and fording the river. It will at least serve until something more minute and finished can be produced, to gratify the eager curiosity of the world.

### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. MACLISE is to paint his picture of "The Marriage of Strongbow," in fresco, for the Houses of Parliament.—Sir Edward Landseer is painting a portrait of the Duke of Devonshire, on a commission from the Duke's tenantry in Derbyshire.—On September 23d an exhibition was opened in Falkirk under the auspices of the local School of Arts. It contains a collection of photographs and choice paintings from the private collections of Mr. Wilson of Banknock, Mr. Millar of Millfield, and Mr. Russell, yr. of Arnotdale.

\* "Epidemics Examined and Explained."



These include works by Maclise, Noel Paton, Harvey, D. O. Hill, Linell, and Collins. The *Falkirk Herald* notes with pleasure the fact, that the exhibition is attended to some extent by the working classes.—The Exhibition of Old Paintings at Cologne includes no less than 500 examples of early Christian Art. The best picture of that class seems to be a "Holy Family," by Master Stephan, which is declared to be of itself "worth a pilgrimage."

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

The clear receipts from the Norwich and the Liverpool Musical Festivals are very small.—A new entertainment, vocal and pictorial, has been opened in the Philharmonic-rooms, Newman-street, by Mr. Charles Cotton, under the attractive title of "A Visit to Nelson's Flag Ship, the Victory."—A writer, supposed to be the Rev. George Gilfillan, in the new number of the *Scottish Review*, laments that the drama has done so little for Christianity, and that Christianity has done so little for the drama. "We suspect," says he, "this is greatly owing to that 'false medium' the stage has established between them."—The financial statement of the pecuniary result of the recent festival of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, has just been made up and passed at a final meeting of the Worcester Festival Committee. The total receipts from the sale of books and tickets was \$4157. 6s. 8d.; and the expenditure, 3634. 18s.; leaving a deficit of 2197. 17s. 4d.—The attempts of American speculators to "get up" an enthusiasm for Madame Grisi and Signor Mario appear to have been unsuccessful.—A New York paper informs its readers that "Clara Novello has signed an engagement to come to this country; but, owing to the squally prospects of musical enterprises in the United States, she will not come for the present—probably not before next spring. Johanna Wagner, a celebrated soprano, and niece of Richard Wagner, the distinguished German composer, is also positively engaged to come to this country; but her visit will probably be deferred one or even two years, as the condition of musical matters in this country may seem to require."—Miss Catharine Hayes has left America for Australia.—Letters from Italy announce the very serious illness of Signor Rossini, in terms which preclude much hope of his restoration to health.—The new five-act opera by M. Balfe—formerly our own Mr. Balfe—which is to open the winter season at Trieste, is to be called *Pittore e Duca*.—The celebrated band of the *Guides*, which has created an immense sensation at the Boulogne camp, may be expected in London to give, it is reported, a grand concert at the Crystal Palace, on behalf of the wives of the English soldiers in the East.

## GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

THE Rev. Mr. Clinton, of Cromwell, Nottinghamshire, is preparing the autobiography and journals of the late Mr. Fynes Clinton, for publication.—An article on Poetry, in a recent number of *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is devoted to Alexander Smith and Matthew Arnold. The writer of the notice, according to the *Leader*, exhibits no originality of view. The *Leader* remarks that, if the French readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* wish to do Alexander Smith justice, they must take his merits on trust, or learn English, or do anything, in short, but read the translated extracts presented to them from his poems.—The author of "The Life of Mr. Disraeli," published some time ago, is preparing a history of the Foreign Ministries of Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston.—Mr. David Laing, of the Signet Library, Edinburgh, is collecting and editing the works of Knox, which are soon to be reprinted.—Dr. Cumming's "Urgent Questions," published once a month by Mr. Shaw, of Southampton-row, are having an enormous sale.—Sale of the cheap edition of Bulwer's Novels:—"Pelham," 35,000; "Paul Clifford," 27,000; "Eugene Aram," the same; "Rienzi," 23,000; "Pilgrims of the Rhine," 18,500; "Last Days of Pompeii," 23,000; "Last of the Barons," 18,000; "Ernest Maltravers," 18,000.—The *Presse* of Paris has commenced, in its *feuilleton*, the publication of the Memoirs of Madame George Sand. They are entitled "History of my Life."

It is reported that the new editor of the *London Gazette* will be Mr. Charles Knight. The post is worth 600*l.* a year.—The Government has conferred a pension of 200*l.* from the Literary Fund on Mrs. Fullerton, the widow of the late Lord Fullerton.—A lecture on "The Poorer Poets of England" will be delivered during the approaching winter session of the Falkirk School of Arts, by Mr. Alexander Smith.—Mr. Keith Johnston has had an interview with Prince Albert, at Balmoral, on the subject of a map of the district with which he is now engaged for the Prince.—Mr. Peter Tait, Fellow of Cambridge University, Senior Wrangler of the year 1852, has been appointed to the Professorship of Mathematics, Queen's College, Belfast.—The Governors of Greenwich Hospital have appointed the eminent French

professor, M. De Lille, French Master at Greenwich Hospital Schools.

It has been decided to open the British Museum to the public on Saturdays.—The next meeting of the British Association for the year 1855 is to be held at Glasgow, under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll.—The Museum at Marlborough-house opened on Monday the 2nd inst. During the recess the specimens have been re-arranged, and considerable additions have been made. In future the Museum will be opened on Saturdays, which will be free days instead of Tuesdays.—Glasgow University boasts of one of the most valuable collections of coins in Europe; but such are the difficulties thrown in the way of seeing them, that there are probably not twenty of the citizens of Glasgow who have examined this rare numismatic treat.—At the last monthly general meeting of the Zoological Society of London, Mr. William Yarrell in the chair, Messrs. E. W. Wadson and James Ival were elected fellows of the society; and Messrs. Sussex Milbank, R. Webb, E. Laforest, C. W. Dilke, H. F. Todd, and T. Presland were proposed as candidates for the fellowship. The menagerie was stated to be in a high state of efficiency, and the flower-garden particularly attractive, in consequence of the rich display of dahlias and other autumnal plants. The total number of visitors during the year has already amounted to 366,643.—Since the opening of Peel-park, Salford, in 1847, upwards of a million persons have visited it. Since the Salford free library was opened, 150,000 volumes have been read, and since the opening of the lending department of the same library, about six months ago, 11,000 volumes have been issued to be read out of the institution.—A letter from Chamounix, in the *Savoy Gazette*, states that the number of visitors to Mont Blanc this year is quite unprecedented, and that on the 11th ultimo three parties, numbering upwards of forty persons in the aggregate, passed the night at the Grand Mulet; but of these only two ventured to ascend to the summit, and only one of the latter, a Mr. Dieper, of Portsmouth, reached the very highest point, without any accident, except his sinking once into the snow up to his chin; but he was successfully extricated by his guides.—The Germanic Museum (states the *Builder*) is intended to become a great national undertaking, and to be located (at present) at Nuremberg. Still, the Duke of Coburg has repeatedly expressed his readiness, that, if these hopes should be frustrated, he adheres to his former promise to have the museum brought to Coburg, where the extensive antiquarian collection of Coburg Castle has been of late perfectly rearranged. His Royal Highness also intends to build a chapel and family vault on the Glockenberg, near Coburg; the chapel to be of the Byzantine style, in the form of a basilica, eighty feet long, seventy feet broad, and sixty feet high. It will consist of one principal and two lateral naves, the latter to be the mausolea of the Coburg family.—The Committee of French History, Arts, and Language, first appointed in 1835 by M. Guizot, has just made its report for 1852-53. This document exhibits the labours of the committee for the past year. The same document also makes certain promises which are not unimportant. It appears that twelve new works are in course of publication. The principal of these are the "Correspondence of Catherine de Medicis," "The State Papers of Cardinal Granville," "Military Memoirs relative to the Spanish Succession under Louis XIV.," "A History of the War of Navarre in 1276 and 1277," by Guillaume Anelier, and "Monastic Architecture," by M. Albert Lenoir. Some of these publications will be voluminous: the Memoirs of Cardinal Granville alone occupying thirteen quarto volumes. But even thirteen quarto volumes are but a moderate instalment of Charles Quint's Chancellor, since this eminent churchman left no less than eighty quarto volumes of manuscript, which T. B. Boisot, an abbot of St. Vincent de Besancon, spent ten years in deciphering and arranging. The philological section of the committee has resolved to publish the works of Chrestien de Troyes. MM. T. Desnoyers and Chabaille are appointed editors of the "Trésor de Toutes Choses," written in Paris in the thirteenth century by the Italian refugee Brunetto Latino.

## DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

DRURY-LANE.—Departure of Mr. G. V. Brooke.—Mr. Wright.

HAYMARKET.—*Paul Pry*.

ST. JAMES'S.—*The King's Rival*: a Drama, in five acts, by Messrs. Tom Taylor and C. Reade. *My Friend the Major*: a Farce, by Mr. C. Selby.

OLYMPIC.—Reopening of.

It is hoped, feared, and believed (according to the prejudice or indifference of observers) that Mr. G. V. Brooke has made his *ultimatum* appearance at Drury-lane. His last season there has been a success; that is to say, the house has been crowded. What more would you have as a test of success? I went to see him in *The Hunchback*; and so quiet and dignified was his *Master Hunter*, that I greatly doubted whether "the eminent tragedian" was really before me. In the last scene, however, where the real *Earl of Rochdale* turns up, there was no doubt about the identity.

The same rant, the same hoarse, cracked trumpet, the same passion in tatters, in all of which one actor alone is unparalleled. On Wednesday night (his last appearance at Drury-lane) Mr. Brooke gave his admirers an agreeable surprise, by undertaking the comic part of *O'Callaghan*, in *His Last Legs*; and, from what I hear, Irish comedy is more congenial to his qualities than English tragedy. On the Tuesday he played for the benefit of the Licensed Victuallers' School, which he lately honoured with a visit. Those who are very anxious to have another peep at Mr. Brooke before his departure for Australia, will find him for the next few weeks at the City of London Theatre, where he has been induced to appear by the double persuasion of a round robin, signed by two or three hundred of the tradespeople of that neighbourhood, and a liberal offer of a round sum for his services. So he patriotically foregoes a purposed trip to France, and magnanimously consents to split the ears of the Eastern groundlings for the small charge of fifty pounds per night. The novelty of Drury-lane is that that wandering star, Mr. Wright, has been playing there and at the Haymarket also. For his appearance at the latter theatre *Paul Pry* has been revived, and seems to draw as well as ever.

The dramatic event of this fortnight is decidedly Messrs. Tom Taylor and C. Reade's drama, *The King's Rival*. The incident upon which it is founded is the rivalry between Charles II. and the Duke of Richmond for the heart of the fair Frances Stewart—a pretty little comic fact, as it stands in Grammont; but hardly weighty enough for a five-act drama. Of this, indeed, the authors seem to have been aware; for, in order to make their plot interesting, they have broadly travestied the historical truth, and have imported many extraneous matters, not at all necessary to the movement of the story. In this drama we find the Stewart a heroine; Richmond, a hero; Charles, magnanimous; and Nell Gwynne, a—what she is said to have been rather proud of being. If our children are to learn history at the theatres, it is necessary to tell them that, so far at least as the first three personages are concerned, the drawing is not accurate. That Richmond was a mean-spirited fellow, instead of "the star of virtue and the soul of honour," there is not the shadow of doubt; as for the Stewart, how shall we reconcile her portrait here with the sun-picture in Grammont, which represents her sitting in her bath listening to the *turbidities* of a couple of old courtiers? Nevertheless, and in spite of many and grave faults, *The King's Rival* has merits; it has some smart and some fine pieces of writing,—though the latter are not always introduced in the most natural manner. For the acting, it is as mixed as the piece. Miss Glyn's Stewart is heavy, but dignified, and sometimes charming; Mrs. Seymour's Nell Gwynne is sprightly, but sometimes coarse; Mr. Toole's Peppys is altogether ridiculous; and Mr. Mead's Richmond is pompously Surreyish. *My friend the Major*, by Mr. C. Selby, is one of those nice little successes which that gentleman is constantly achieving; but which I should no more think of criticising than of commenting upon the cheese at the end of a feast; to which, indeed, it bears some resemblance.

I attended the opening of the Olympic, and, as the bill is full of old pieces, have little to mention. A slice of the gallery has been converted into stalls, which involves a question to be settled between the gallery and the manager. The national anthem was sung in style, Miss Julia St. George vocalising most patriotically. I am glad to see, from the playbill, that Mrs. Stirling is likely to reappear, which contradicts many untoward bodings. At this exigent season, we can scarcely spare a *real actress*.

Among those who have been taken in by the great Sebastopol hoax is the spirited manageress of the VICTORIA THEATRE. Advertisements announce the production of "an entirely new grand romance, of powerful effects and situations, founded on the most engrossing and popular subject of the day—our war with Russia. Hurrah for the Victoria, the theatre of the people! God save the Queen!" This drama is entitled *The Lion of England and the Eagle of France*; or, *our Sons in the East*: "embracing the battle of Alma and the fall of Sebastopol." Among the characters is one *Sam Outlet* (a pie-man from Smithfield), who is to sing a new parody, entitled "Pop goes the Rifle." JACQUES.

## THE PUBLISHED ACTING DRAMA.

It has been represented to us that a large proportion of the acted dramas are published, without any adequate notice of the fact being taken by the literary journals; and that short notices of such publications would be extremely serviceable to many of our readers—more especially those who feel interested in theatrical affairs, whether professionally or as amateurs. We purpose, therefore, to set apart a short space occasionally for a summarised notice of all such acted pieces as attain to the honours of publication.

The following have been published by Mr. T. H. Lacy since August last, and form part of his "Acting Edition of Plays:"

*Fish out of Water*: a Farce in one Act, by Joseph Lunn. The publication of this farce may be regarded almost as a resurrection; for, when it was originally produced at the Haymarket, the principal characters were sustained by Mr. Liston and Mrs. Waylett.





**TO THE CLERGY, PROFESSIONAL MEN, AND OTHERS.**—The Oxford Mixed Doeskin Trousers, price 21s. The Striped Coat Crocked Vest, price 12s. Stock for choice or to measure—5s. B.A. Vests, 5s. 6d. each. A new and better court-road, four doors south of Shoeburys and Co.'s. Patterns of the material, and directions for measuring, sent free post.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE,** by Mrs. DAVIDSON, of 24 and 25, Russell-court, Bridges-street, Covent-garden, LADIES and CHILDREN'S LEFT-OFF WEARING APPAREL in any quantity, for which a Liberal Return will be made in Cash or by Post-office Order.—Ladies waited on at their own residences.—(Established twenty years.)

**GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,** 178, Rotten-street, Belgrave-square.—YOUNGMAN, HAYMAN, and BURNETT have added the above premises to their long-established business for the SUPPLY of every article in FAMILY MOURNING. Orders carefully executed on the shortest notice. Patterns despatched by return of post.

**ALFRED RUST** (from Welch and Margeson's), Hosier, Glover, and Shirtmaker, 32, High-street, Islington.—Superior fitting SHIRTS, six for 31s. 6d., 37s. 6d., and 42s.; patent French fold collars, manchettes, &c., per dozen; black silk cravats, made in the best manner, once round, 2s. 6d.; twice round, 3s. 6d. Sent (carriage free) to all parts on receipt of post-office order or stamps for the amount.—ALFRED RUST, 32, High-street, Islington.

**RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.**  
**WARM VENTILATING WATERPROOF CLOTHING,** of light substance.—WALKER, BABE and CO. have now on sale a great variety of Waterproof Irish Prizings, Welsh and Scotch Trovies, Cashmere, Scarf Shawls, Flannels, &c., at their Scotch Woolen Warehouse, 345, Strand. Patterns and prices at per yard sent on receipt of application. Terms, Cash. Messrs. WALKER, BABE and Co. are sole Importers and Makers of the Registered Ventilating Patent 33s. and 40s. The Trade supplied.

**SYDENHAM TROUSERS, 17s. 6d.**—SAMUEL BROTHERS, 29, Ludgate-hill, Inventors and sole Manufacturers of the Sydenham Trousers, at 17s. 6d., unequalled for superior style, fit, quality, perfect ease, and gracefulness, so requisite for gentlemen's appearance and so rarely obtained. The advantage of the Sydenham Trousers over all others is, the systematic self-adjusting principle on which they are constructed. Patterns sent free on application. A Four Pound Salt Samuel Brothers strongly recommend, made from Saxony cloth, manufactured by an expert West of England house, the wear of which they warrant.—SAMUEL BROTHERS, 29, Ludgate-hill.

**OVERLAND OUTFITS TO INDIA.**  
**JOHN BESEMERES and Co., Wholesale and Retail Clothiers, Shirt Makers, and Manufacturing Outfitters,** 61 to 64, Houndsditch, supply these Outfits to Cadets and Civilians at their Shipping Prices, and thus effect an important saving in the cost. Lists may be had of a good outfit, dressed under four guineas of expenditure. Scale No. 1 comprises 171 articles of external and under-clothing and requisites for 17s. 9s.; Scale No. 2, 206 articles, 25s. 2s.; Scale No. 3, 248 articles, 35s. 11s.; and Scale No. 4 gives an ample supply of appearance clothing and requisites, with 273 articles for 51s. 16s. Overland Trunks, one guinea each. Detailed Price Lists of Ready-made Linen; also shipping and other useful information sent by post, free of charge. Outfitting Warehouses, 61, 62, 63, and 64, Houndsditch, London.

**EUSTON PANTHEONIC, Southampton-mews, Euston-square,** for warehousing every description of Furniture, Books, Linen, China, Glass, Wines, &c., which are received from a single article to any number of packages, and kept in a careful manner, at moderate and equitable charges, either by the week, month, or year. All applications to be made to JOHN DAVIS, Upholstery Warehouse, 136, 137, and 138, Tottenham-court-road, the corner of the New-road, where J. D. begs to call the attention of the Nobility and Public in general to his extensive Stock of New and Second-hand Cabinet Furniture, Bedsteads, Bedding, &c., which cannot be surpassed by any house in the kingdom. Established twenty-five years.

**COMFORTS FOR INVALIDS.**  
CHAPMAN and ALDERMAN, 5, Denmark-street, Soho, London, and in the Furniture Court, Crystal Palace, Sydenham.—Inventors and Manufacturers of the new Graduated Spinal Fracture and General Invalid Bed, Couches, Chairs, and Carriages, which Messrs. C. and A. have brought to such perfection as to be able to give even comfort to suffering invalids, by which a patient can be graduated quite imperceptibly to any comfortable position without being touched by the nurse; at the same time they are able to give relief to the patient's nerves. And for patients who are quite helpless, as is the case in many spinal cases, hip-complaints, fractures, and paralysis, every necessary arrangement can be added, so that the patient need not be removed at all. These articles are fitted up to suit either drawing-room or bed-room, and can be had on hire or purchase.

**ALLEN'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.**  
Containing size, price, and description of upwards of 100 articles, consisting of portable trunks, travelling bags, ladies' portmanteaus, dispatch-boxes, forwarding-cases, dressing-cases, and other travelling requisites, for purchase on receipt of two stamps.  
ALLEN'S Travelling Bag (patented) has the opening as large as the bag itself, and therefore possesses an immense advantage over all others.  
ALLEN'S registered Dispatch-box and Writing-desk, and their new Quadruple Portmanteau (containing four compartments), are the best articles of the kind ever produced.  
W. and T. ALLEN, Manufacturers of Portable Barrack-room, Furniture, and Military Outfitters, 15 and 22, West Strand. (See separate Catalogue.)

**CARPETS, CABINET FURNITURE, and GENERAL FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT.**—To the NOBILITY, GENTRY, and the PUBLIC.—HAMPTON and RUSSELL beg to inform them that they have now completed the REBUILDING of their NEW PREMISES, one of the largest and most commodious buildings in London; has Warehouses and Galleries built for the express convenience of their numerous customers. If and R. now particularly invite all parties furnishing, or requiring CABINET FURNITURE, or CARPETS and RUGS, to visit this Establishment, and inspect the different articles, which will be found, upon inspection, for style, quality, and prices, the best House for economy in the Metropolis; and the latest stock in England to select from, as a General Furnishing Warehouse. N.B.—Several large Winged Wardrobes; Pier, Chimney, and Toilet Glasses, in great variety. Telescope, Dining, Circular, and Oval Drawing-room Tables, decided bargains. OBSERVE.—14 and 15, LEICESTER-SQUARE, (Next Door to Bedford's Panorama).

**THE BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN.**  
INVALIDS, AND OTHERS.—ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY, for making Superior Barley Water in Fifteen Minutes, has not only obtained the patronage of Her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to be the most nutritious, pure, nutritious, and light food for infants and invalids; much approved for making a delicious Custard Pudding, and excellent for thickening Broths or Soups.

**ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS** for more than thirty years have been held in constant and increasing public estimation as the purest farin of the oat, and as the best and most valuable preparation for making a Pure and delicate Gruel, which forms a light and nutritious support for invalids; is a popular recipe for solid and infirm, is of general use in the sick chamber, and, alternately with the Patent Barley, is an excellent food for Infants and Children.  
Prepared only by the Patentees, ROBINSON, BELVILLE, and Co., Purveyors to the Queen, 64, Red Lion-street, Holborn, London.  
The proprietors of Robinson's Patent Barley and Patent Groats, deprecate the public shall at all times purchase these preparations in a genuine sweet and fresh condition, respectfully inform the public that every packet is now completely wrapped in the patent Tissue Paper, over which is the usual and well-known paper wrapper.  
Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and others in Town and Country, in Packets of 6d. and 1s.; and Family Cansisters, at 2s., 3s., and 10s. each.

**COMFORT AT HOME.**—Windows and Doors Regulated: no Sand-bags or Wedges. MR. CHURCH'S PATENT CEMENT and INDIA-RUBBER, for rendering windows and doors, and for covering imperfect, free from rattling, draught, dust, black, wet, &c., and will open with the greatest ease. Windows, 1s. 6d. each door, 3s. Address, MR. CHURCH, Factory, 53, Seymour-place, Bryanstone-square. Country orders attended.

**BEDDING—ECONOMY, DURABILITY, and COMFORT.**—J. and S. STEER'S SPRING and FRENCH MATTRESSES make the most elastic and softest bed. A price list of every description of bedding, blankets, and quilts, sent free. Bedsteads: Arabian, four-piece, French, and other styles, in birch, mahogany, &c.; patent iron and brass bedsteads on the most improved principles. Cribs, cots, &c.; bedroom furniture of every description.—J. and S. STEER, Bedding, Bedstead, and Bedroom Furniture Manufacturers, 13, Oxford-street, London.

**TEETH.**—42, St. Martin's-lane.—MR. HAYES, the old-established Surgeon-Dentist, late of May's-buildings, continues to SUPPLY the loss of TEETH, upon the best principles, at moderate charges, and can only be consulted at 42, St. Martin's-lane, Charing-cross.

**ARTIFICIAL TEETH** of the best, cheapest, and most durable description. Manufactured and adapted solely by MR. THOS. LUKYN, with guaranteed success, on his improved French mode of mechanical construction. Read Lukyn's Essay on the Teeth, with illustrations, crown 8vo. 2s. 6d., by post, 3s. 5d. Upper George-street, Portman-square.

**TEETH.**—By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.—Newly-invented and Patented application of Chemically-prepared White India-rubber in the Construction of Artificial Teeth, &c. (Gum.)—MR. J. GROSSEVENOR-STREET, GROSSEVENOR-SQUARE, Inventor and Patentee.—A new, original, and invaluable invention, consisting in the adaptation, with the most absolute perfection and success, of CHEMICALLY-PREPARED WHITE INDIA-RUBBER, as a lining to the ordinary gold or bone frame. The extraordinary results of this application may be briefly noted in a few of their most prominent features, as the following:—All sharp edges are avoided; no springs, wire, or fastenings are required; a greatly-increased freedom of action is supplied; a natural elasticity hitherto wholly unattainable, and a fit perfected with the most unerring accuracy, is secured; while, from the softness and flexibility of the agent employed, the greatest support is given to the adjoining teeth when loose, or rendered tender by the absorption of the gums.  
To be obtained only at 61, Lower Grosvenor-street, London; 22, Gay-street, Bath; 10, Eldon-square, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS** remarkably efficacious in curing a confirmed case of Dropsy.—Extract of a letter from Mr. David Simpson, of Collingham, dated March 14, 1854:—"To Professor Holloway.—Sir, I feel it my duty towards you and the public to inform you of a most remarkable Cure of Dropsy by the use of your pills. My daughter was a sufferer for years, and when under medical treatment, she had upwards of thirteen pints of water taken away without obtaining any permanent relief. Since then she commenced taking your pills, which I am satisfied has been the sole cause of effecting a lasting cure, and she is now perfectly well."—Sold by all Druggists, and at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 244, Strand, London.

**DEAFNESS and SINGING NOISES.**—Instant relief by Dr. HOGHTON'S new and painless mode of cure. Any extremely deaf sufferer, by one visit, is permanently enabled to hear with ease and tone of conversation, without operation, pain, or the use of instruments; many, totally deaf, are restored to perfect hearing. Testimonials from the highest medical authorities in London can be seen, and persons cured referred to. The above discovery is known and practised only by Dr. HOGHTON, Member of the London Royal College of Surgeons, May 2, 1849; L.A.C. April 30, 1846. Institution for the Cure of Deafness, 9, Suffolk-place, Pall-mall.—Just published, Self-Cure of Deafness, for country patients; a step to emipiricism, quackery, and exorbitant fees; sent on receipt of seven shillings, free.—Hours of consultation 11 till 4 daily. Examination free.

**SIR JAMES MURRAY'S FLUID** MAGNESIA, prepared under the immediate care of the Inventors and established for upwards of thirty years by the Profession, for BILIOUS AFFECTIONS, and INDIGESTION, restoring APPETITE, preserving a moderate state of the bowels, dissolving URIC ACID IN GRAVEL and GOUT; also as an easy remedy for SEA SICKNESS, and for the febrile affection incident to childhood, it is invaluable. In the treatment of Magnesia as a remedy, it is unnecessary to enlarge; but the Fluid Preparation of Sir James Murray is more so, valued by the Profession, as it entirely avoids the possibility of those dangerous concretions usually resulting from the use of the article of medicine.—Sold by the sole Consignee, MR. WILLIAM BAILEY, of Wolverhampton, and by all wholesale and retail Druggists, and Medicine Agents throughout the British Empire, in bottles, 1s., 2s., 3s., 6d., 5s., 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.—The Acidulated Syrup in bottles, 2s. each.—B. Beare to ask for "Sir James Murray's Preparation," and to see that his name is stamped on each bottle in green ink, as follows:—"James Murray, Physician to the Lord Lieutenant."

**KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.**—A certain remedy for disorders of the pulmonary organs, in difficulty of breathing, in redundancy of phlegm, in incipient consumption of which cough is the most positive indication, they are of unerring efficacy. In asthma, and in winter cough, they have never been known to fail. Keating's Cough Lozenges are a most powerful and delicate ingredient; they may, therefore, be taken at all times, by the most delicate female and by the youngest child; while the Public Speaker and Professional Singer will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incident to excessive exertion, and consequently a powerful auxiliary in the production of melodious enunciation. Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s., 1d., and 1/2s. 3d., 4s., 6d., 10s., and 12s. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., No. 75, St. Paul's Church-yard, London. Sold Retail by all Druggists and Dealers in the various Vendors in the World. N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "Keating's Cough Lozenges" are engraved on the government stamp of each box, without which none are genuine.

**IMPORTANT TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS, SINGERS, &c.**  
Sir, I have much pleasure in recommending your lozenges to those who may be distressed with hoarseness. They have afforded me relief on several occasions when scarcely able to sing from the effects of cold, and which they would be very useful to clergymen, barristers, and public orators.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
To Mr. Keating. THOMAS FRANCIS, Vicar Choral.

**THE only Medal awarded by the Jury of the** New York Exhibition to English or Foreign Sauce Manufacturers has been obtained among numerous competitors by LEA and PERRINS for their WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, whereby further testimony is afforded of its being the best Sauce extant. The celebrity of this Sauce has extended to every quarter of the globe, and its efficacy in promoting the general health is becoming daily more observed and acknowledged. In the United States it is held to be the most agreeable condiment, and is esteemed for its tonic and invigorating properties, its habitual use enabling the stomach to digest the food perfectly. On the Continent of Europe these qualities have been testified to by a Gentleman who writes to Lea and Perrins thus:—"I have carried a bottle of your Worcestershire Sauce in a tour I have just finished through Spain and Portugal, and believe I owe my present state of health to its use. Your Sauce is stomachic, and I think medicinal. I can with truth say there is nothing in a traveller's baggage so essential to his comfort, at least in these countries, as your Sauce." In India, where it is found at the Mess of every Regiment, a Medical President writes from Madras to Lea and Perrins thus:—"I have Worcester in the following terms:—'I feel it my duty to state that your Sauce is highly esteemed in India, and it is in my opinion the most palatable as well as the most wholesome Sauce that is made.' This Sauce is suitable for every variety of Dish, and the universal demand which its excellence has created has led to many imitations being offered to the public under a variety of names; but the genuine may be known by the name of Lea and Perrins being impressed upon the bottle. Metallic Capsules on the Glass Stopper of the Bottle, as well as upon the Label and Wrapper, are also to be observed. LEA and PERRINS, Worcester. Wholesale and Export Warehouse, 19, Fenchurch-street, London. To be obtained also of Crooke and Blackwell, Barclay and Sons, and all the principal Druggists, Grocers, and Italian Warehousemen throughout the United Kingdom and abroad."

**D. HULETT and Co., Manufacturers of Gas** Chandeliers, Glass Lustres, Hall Lanterns, &c. Pattern Book with Price List complete, price 12s.—55 and 56, High Holborn.

**THE SHAMEFUL PRICE OF CANDLES** has produced its remedy, by the introduction of a new FRENCH MODERATOR TABLE LAMP, for 5s., giving the light of three candles at the cost of one. Everybody should have it. All other sorts and sizes, at equally low charges. Cheap, choice, and extensive.—SMITH, 281, Strand, exactly opposite North-street.

**THE PEOPLE'S LIGHT!**  
**NIBBS'S PATENT OXYDATE & COTTAGE** LAMPS are unequalled for economy, cleanliness, ease in management, and purity of light. They are available for all illuminating purposes, and produce the cheapest Oil Light extant. An Illustrated Price List for a stamped directed envelope. A Brass Cottage Hand Lamp and Wicks, free for 42 postage-stamps.—J. S. NIBBS, Inventor and Proprietor, Bakewell, Derby.

**ALBANY LAMP and CANDLE MANUFACTORY.**—CLARKE'S Russian Wax Candles, 1s. per lb. burn softer than all others; Best Albany Composite Candles, 5d. per lb., do not require snuffing; for ordinary purposes the Cheapest Candles that can be used, Moulds, 6d. Store Candles, 7 1/2d. per lb.; Epress Pale Soap, very old and dry, 1/2s. per cwt.; Good Yellow, 6s. 4d. and 4d.; Best Mottled, 3s. 6d.; Heavy Soap, 1s. 6d.; Old Brown Windsor, 2s.; all other scented soaps, 1s. 6d. per lb. Patent Albany Oil, 4s. 6d. per gallon, superior to Spem; Clarke's Refined Oil for French Lamps, 4s. per gallon; Solar, 3s. 6d. Italian goods of the finest quality at the Wholesale price; Lamps of every description manufactured on the premises, for cash only.  
SAMUEL CLARKE, Albany Lamp and Candle Manufactory, 55, Albany-street, Regent's-park, London, within two minutes' walk of the Colosseum.  
N.B.—Country orders amounting to 10l. or upwards, Carriage Free.

**TO NOBLEMEN, STEWARDS, AND OTHERS.**  
**J. WRIGHT, 36, Boar-lane, Leeds,** begs to call the attention of parties about to improve their Farm Estates to his O.G. RAIN WATER SPOUTING, which is of great durability, and cheapness, cannot be equalled. 4 inch, at 1s. 1d. per yard; 4 1/2 inch, 1s. 2 1/2d. per yard; 5 inch, 1s. 4d. per yard. Wire Working, Sheep Fencing and hurdles, at reasonable prices. Garden Implements of every description.—N.B. To be sold, a bargain, a large Wire Aviary.

**DEBILITY, &c.**—Capt. BAILEY, having restored himself and many others to robust health after years of suffering from debility and general weakness, and being anxious to make known the means of cure, will send free, on receipt of a stamped envelope properly addressed, a copy of the prescription used.  
153, Piccadilly.

**ANTIDOTE for CHOLERA.**—The VITAL ELECTRIC SALINE, discovered by WM. STEVENS, Esq., M.D., can be obtained through all Chemists, special at 88, Snow-hill, and of the Maker, H. LAMPTON, 1, Mordenbury-terrace, Gray's-inn-road, London. Out of four hundred and fifty-six cases treated in Coldbath-fields, all recovered but four. Also Medical Times, 27th May last, A. Leckie, Esq., Surgeon, seven cases of Asiatic Cholera all cured by the Saline treatment. Since then Dr. Crawford, of Glasgow, has published thirteen successful cures with the Vital Electric Saline.

**PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA.**—Places in gardens converted into comfortable water-closets by the Patent HERMETICALLY-SEALED PAN, with its self-acting valve, entirely preventing the return of cold air or effluvia. Any carter can fix it in two hours. Price 1l. Hornsey, 10, Upper Holloway, Chamber Commodore for the sick room, 1l. 4s., 2l. 6s., and 3l.; also Improved Portable Water-closets, with pump, cistern, and self-acting valve. A prospectus, with engravings, forwarded by inserting two stamps in an envelope, and sending it to 45, Leicester-square.

**INDIGESTION.**—INDIGESTION, with all its miserable train of consequences to the sedentary, studious, and other classes from that cause of all Stomach and Bowel Complaints (including the free liver), prevented and cured by MARTIN'S DIGESTIVE or DINNER PILLS. These pills, patented in 1833, are composed of the finest aromatic tonics, combined with gentle vegetable aperients, and being prepared from the recipe of the late Sir A. COOPER cannot be considered a quack medicine. Free by post, in boxes 1s. 3d. 3s. and 5s. each.—HAMILTON D. MARTIN, Dispenser, Truro.

**KNOW THYSELF.**—Persons desirous of knowing the gifts, defects, talents, tastes, affections, and other characteristics of themselves or any friends in whom they are interested, must send a specimen of the WRITING, stating sex and age (inclosing 13 penny postage-stamps), to Miss GRAHAM, 3, New-road, Hornsey, Middlesex, and they will receive a minute, graphic, and delineation, written in a style peculiarly her own. Testimonial from W. R.—"Having seen several of your portrayals of character, and being much struck with the forcible truths contained in them, I should like your opinion of mine." Miss H. R.—"Your delineations are most faithful."

**GROUX'S IMPROVED SOAP MANUFACTORY.** Wholesale Warehouses, 30, Minorie; 6, Pool-street, Manchester; Fletcher-gate, Nottingham; Union-street, Glasgow; and 159, Front-street, New York.—Health, Cleanliness, and Economy. The new TOILET and FANCY SOAPS made by this Company are beautifully scented, and framed in models so unique that the most fastidious admire them on the toilet table; they give health and beauty to the skin, and are recommended by Erasmus Wilson, Esq., F.R.S. Their household cleaning Soaps wash freely in the hardest water. No soda need be used.

**FOR VARICOSE VEINS and WEAKNESS.**  
**SURGICAL ELASTIC STOCKINGS** and KNEE-CAPS, on a New Principle, pervious, light in texture, and inexpensive, yielding an efficient and unvarying support under any temperature, without the trouble of Lacing or Bandaging; likewise a strong, iron-ribbed article for Hospital and the Working Classes. ELASTIC SUPPORT BELTS, for both sexes, of the same beautiful fabric; those for ladies' use, before and after accouchement, are admirably adapted for giving adequate support with extreme lightness—a point little attended to in the comparatively clumsy contrivances and fabrics hitherto employed.  
Instructions for Measurement, and Prices, on application, and the articles sent by post from the Manufacturers, POPE and PLATEAU, 4, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall. The Profession, Trade, and Hospitals supplied.

**THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for SILVER.**—The Real NICKEL SILVER, introduced twenty years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, when PLATED by the patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such, either fully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.  
Table Spoons, per dozen ..... 18s. ..... 25s. ..... 30s.  
Desert Forks ..... 30s. ..... 40s. ..... 45s.  
Desert Spoons ..... 30s. ..... 40s. ..... 45s.  
Table Forks ..... 40s. ..... 50s. ..... 55s.  
Table Spoons ..... 40s. ..... 50s. ..... 55s.  
Tea and coffee sets, silver-plated, for both sexes, at proportionate prices.  
All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

**CHEMICALLY PURE NICKEL NOT PLATED.**  
Table Spoons and Forks, full size, per dozen ..... 18s. Thread. King's ..... 30s.  
Desert ditto and ditto ..... 10s. ..... 11s. ..... 12s.  
Tea ditto ..... 2s. ..... 3s. ..... 4s.  
WILLIAM S. BURTON has TEN LARGE SHOW ROOMS (all containing the complete stock of the shop, devoted solely to the show of GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY (including Cutlery, Nickel Silver, Plated and japanned Ware, Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Bedding), as arranged and classified that purchasers may easily and at once make their selections.  
Catalogues, with Engravings, sent (per post) free. The money returned for every article not approved of.  
35, OXFORD-STREET (corner of Newman-street); Nos. 1, 3, and 3 NEWMAN-STREET; and 4 and 5, PRINCE'S-PLACE.

By WILLIAM KIDD, of HAMMERSMITH.  
**LIFE; ITS TINTS AND ITS SHADOWS:**  
an original and good-natured Glance at What we all are—What we all might be—and What we all ought to be. Footscap 8vo. 1s.  
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, 5, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

Just published, 12mo. 5s. cloth,  
**ALTARS, HEARTHS, and GRAVES.**  
By JOHN MOUTRIE.  
London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, and Co. Rugby: CROSSLEY and BILLINGTON.

**THE TOPICS OF THE DAY:** the most recent as well as the standard Works on them, may be had by every subscriber of One Guinea per Annum, at WESTERTON'S English and Foreign Library, Hyde Park-corner. Family Subscriptions Two Guineas and upwards, according to the number of volumes required.

Just published, crown 8vo., price 1s. by post, 1s. 6d.  
**IS PHYSICAL SCIENCE THE HANDMAID,**  
or the ENEMY of the CHRISTIAN REVELATION? By the Rev. JAMES A. STODHART.  
Edinburgh: MARSH and BEATTIE, 13, South Hanover-street.  
London: C. DOLMAN, 61, New Bond-street.

Just published, 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d.  
**GERMAN LETTERS on EDUCATION.** By Dr. L. WIESE, Professor in the Royal Polytechnic School at Jochimsthal. Translated by W. D. AKSOLD, Lieut. Fifty-eighth Regiment, B. N. I.  
London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

By Dr. G. W. PIGOTT, Author of "The Spas of Harrogate," &c.  
**ESSAYS on the DECLINE and RESTORATION of the GENERAL HEALTH.**—No. I. On DEBILITY of the SKIN—BATHS and BATHING. Price 1s.  
Published by ROUTLEDGE and Co., Farringdon-street; DAWSON, Harrogate.

Second edition, price 2s. 6d., bound in cloth,  
**THE STUDENT IN ARCHITECTURE.**  
By T. B. ROBERTS.  
"It contains many useful suggestions, and is written with good feeling; and we commend the book as well calculated to awaken the attention of the young student to the work that is before him."—*Builder*.  
WHITTAKER and Co., Ave-Maria-lane.

Now ready, the Sixth Edition of the  
**HANDBOOK for ADVERTISING and GUIDE to ADVERTISERS,** containing all the papers, with their Circulations in 1853, classified, their Scales of Charges for Advertising, Hints to Advertisers, Instructions for Drawing Advertisements, When to Advertise, and How to Advertise. Price 1s. cloth.  
EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange.

Just published, cloth, plates, 3s. 6d., post-free (of the Author), 4s.  
**MR. PAUL'S New Work on the LOWER BOWEL.** Ought Piles, Prolapse, Fissure, or Fistula to be Cut or Tied?—Unquestionably not. Can Piles, Prolapse, Fissure, or Fistula be cured without Cutting or Tying?—Unquestionably. By ANDREW PAUL, A.B., M.B., Surgeon, 29, Upper North-place, Mecklenburgh-square, London.

Just published, price 2s. 6d.,  
**INDESTRUCTIBILITY,** one of the Great Truths proclaimed by Nature and Science, traced throughout all surrounding things. FROM A BIT OF COAL UP TO THE SOUL OF MAN. By HENRY G. COOPER.  
"There is no such thing as death."  
GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, and all Booksellers.

Now ready, in 1 vol.  
**THE CLERICAL JOURNAL and CHURCH and UNIVERSITY CHRONICLE** for 1855: being a complete Record of the Progress of Religious Literature, Art, and Music. It also contains an illustrated Treatise on Church Furniture and Decorations; and the whole of the Church and University News of the Year. Appropriately bound in cloth, price 16s. 6d.  
May be had by order of any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

Just published, in paper covers, 1s.: in handsome cloth, gilt lettered, 1s. 6d.  
**GOUGH'S (JOHN B.) ORATIONS.** The only authorized Editions, including the following:—  
1. On Habit; 2. Importance of the Temperance Enterprise; 3. An Address to Children; 4. An Address to the Working Classes; 5. The Dangerous Drinking Customs; 6. The Evil of Drunkenness; 7. Importance of Female Influence; 8. An Address to Young Men; 9. Our Duty to the Temperance.  
\*\* The Orations may also be had singly.  
London: W. TWEDDIE, 337, Strand.

GRATIS! GRATIS! GRATIS!  
Seventy-four Thousand. Library Edition. Sent free on receipt of six stamps to prepay postage, &c., and through all booksellers, price 6d.  
**EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOCTOR:** a Popular Guide to Health, addressed to the Young, the Old, the Grave, the Gay. By a PHYSICIAN.  
"Admirably adapted to enlighten the public mind in a species of knowledge in which every individual is concerned."—*Co. Chron.*  
"To the married and unmarried, we particularly recommend this work. It is calculated to afford just that very necessary information as to too frequently sought in vain from other sources."—*Atlas*.  
"Parents, heads of families, clergymen, conductors of schools, and all who are interested in the future well-being of others should possess this invaluable guide."—*Month Herald*.  
"It ought to be placed in the hands of every youth."—*Kent Observer*.  
"Calculated to do more good than fifty sermons."—*Punch*.  
Address—MR. LAWES, Publisher, 2, Charles-street, Hatton Garden, London.

Recently published, in 18mo. stiff covers,  
**A FRENCH WORD BOOK,** after the Plan of the Abbé Bosaut, containing, besides a List of the Words most frequently used, a large number of Elements of Phrases, such as Adjectives, Verbs, Prepositions, &c., joined to Substantives. By A. MASHER. Price 1s.

Also, by the same Author,  
**A FRENCH PHRASE BOOK,** containing more than 900 Phrases on the usual topics of general Conversation. 1s.  
**A FIRST FRENCH READING BOOK,** comprising extracts from Madame Guizot, Rulhière, Florian, &c., with a literal Interlinear Translation. 1s. 6d.

**A SECOND FRENCH READING BOOK,** containing 21 Extracts, in Prose or Verse, chiefly from the French Classics: Voltaire, Buffon, Marmontel, Bernardin de St. Pierre, &c.; with Explanatory Notes for the translation of the most difficult passages. Price 1s. 6d.  
London: D. NUTT, 270, Strand.

**WORKS by WILLIAM MACCALL.**  
The ELEMENTS of INDIVIDUALISM. 7s. 6d.  
The AGENTS of CIVILISATION. 1s. 6d.  
The INDIVIDUALITY of the INDIVIDUAL. 6d.  
The DOCTRINE of INDIVIDUALITY. 6d.  
SACRAMENTAL SERVICES. 6d.  
The LESSONS of the PESTILENCE. 6d.  
The UNCHRISTIAN NATURE of COMMERCIAL RESTRICTIONS. 3d.  
THE EDUCATION of TASTE. Eight Lectures. 1s.  
CONTENTS:—  
1. Introductory. 2. Taste and Morality. 3. The Nature of Taste. 4. Taste and Manners. 5. The Culture of Taste. 6. Taste and Religion. 7. Taste and Manners. 8. Concluding Remarks.  
TRUBNER and Co. 12, Paternoster-row.

**GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS**  
ARE NOW PUBLISHING  
**WHITTLINGS FROM THE WEST;**

With Some Account of Butternut Castle.

By ABEL LOG. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**ETHEL; or, the Double Error.**

By MARIAN JAMES.

Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d.

**NIGHT AND THE SOUL:**  
A DRAMATIC POEM.

By STANYAN BIGG.

Crown 8vo. 6s.

**HOME INFLUENCE:**

A TALE FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

By GRACE AGUILAR.

Sixth Edition, fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

**WANDERINGS AMONG the WILD FLOWERS;**

HOW TO SEE AND HOW TO GATHER THEM.

With Chapters on the Economical and Medicinal Uses of our Native Plants.

By SPENCER THOMSON, M.D.

Second Edition, fcap. 8vo. 5s.

London: Groombridge & Sons, 5, Paternoster-row.

**W. AND R. CHAMBERS'S**  
NEW AND REVISED  
EDITIONS OF STANDARD WORKS.

Re-issue, commencing on the 4th November next, No. I. price 6d.; also Part I., price 2s., of the

**PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** Illustrated by upwards of Sixteen Hundred Woodcuts. Carried down to the present period. The Work will be re-issued in its original form, and with all its original Illustrations—forming Eight Volumes, and terminating with the year 1815. To this series will be added a New Edition of the HISTORY OF THE PEACE, and an Account of the Recent Events, under the care of Messrs. CHAMBERS, printed uniformly with the above, and including a COMPLETE CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX. Thus the entire work will be a PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND TO THE PRESENT PERIOD. In Ten Volumes; carefully printed, on good paper, and forming the most complete and highly illustrated work of the kind ever published.

A Number, consisting of 32 pages super-royal 8vo., price 6d., in a coloured Wrapper, will appear every Saturday; and a Part (128 pages), price 2s., every month with the Magazines. The work will comprise about 60 Parts. The First Number and First Part will be issued on the first Saturday in November.

No. I., price 6d.; and Part I., price 2s.; of a Re-issue of the  
**PICTORIAL BIBLE.** Being the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorized version; splendidly illustrated with Steel Engravings, Woodcuts, and Maps; with numerous Notes by JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A.

The New Issue will be more handsomely printed than any of the preceding editions; and a Number, consisting of 32 pages super-royal 8vo., in a coloured Wrapper, will appear every Saturday, price 6d.; and a Part, price 2s., every month. The work will be completed in about 86 Numbers, or 22 Parts. The First Number and First Part will be issued on the First Saturday in November.

Also, on the 2nd December, 1854, No. I., price 6d.; and Part I., price 2s.; of a re-issue of the

**PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.** Illustrated with many Thousands of Wood Engravings. Originally edited by GEORGE LONG, A.M. Revised, with all the needful Corrections and Additions, New Facts, and Events, under the care of Messrs. CHAMBERS.

Printed in a superior style, the Work, comprising upwards of 14,200 pages, exclusive of a Supplementary Volume, will be presented at a price not exceeding 81. 16s.

From the smallness of the cost, and the method of publication, in Numbers and Parts, this New Issue of the PENNY CYCLOPEDIA will be eminently suitable for Country and Parish Libraries, Mechanics' Institutes, Literary Institutions, etc., requiring a standard work for consultation.

A Number, consisting of 40 pages imperial 8vo., price 6d., in a coloured Wrapper, will be issued every Saturday; and a Part (160 pages), price 2s., every month. Half Volumes and Volumes will also be issued as the revision advances, at accelerated intervals, so as, for purchasers who may desire it, more speedily to complete the work. The First Number and First Part will be issued on the First Saturday in December.

W. and R. CHAMBERS, London and Edinburgh: H. Campbell, Glasgow; J. McGlashan, Dublin. C. S. Francis and Co., New York: Lippincott, Grambo, and Co., Philadelphia; Hew Ramsay, Montreal: and all Booksellers.

Price 4d.: or by post, 6d.  
**THE NEW WATER WEED, ANACHARIS ALBINASTRUM** (some Account of It). By WILLIAM MARSHALL, Esq., of Ely, Cambridgeshire.  
London: Wm. PAMPLIN, 45, Firth-street, Soho-square.

Parts I., II., and III. price 10s. plain, 16s. coloured.  
**A CENTURY of FERNS,** being Figures, with brief Descriptions, of 100 new or rare Species of Ferns. By Sir WM. JACKSON HOOKER, K.H., LL.D., F.R.S., &c., and Director of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew. The work is handsomely printed on a super-royal paper, and a specimen can be sent to any address for four postage-stamps.  
Wm. PAMPLIN, 45, Firth-street, Soho, London.

NEW WORK.  
In one handsome fcap. 8vo. vol. cloth, gilt-edged and lettered, price 7s. 6d.  
**THE GOLDEN AGE; A Sketch** from Waterloo: The Red Cross Knight; and other Poems. By ALEXANDER GOUGE. Dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of Carlisle, K.G.  
London: ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, and Co., 25, Paternoster-row.

**FRENCH and ITALIAN for the MILLION,** viz.: Christian's Easy French Grammar, 1s. 4d. Key to ditto, 8d. Christian's Fables, with Vocabulary, 1s. 4d. Christian's Henry's Histoire de France, with 500 notes, 3s. 6d. Christian's Easy Italian Grammar, 1s. 4d. Christian's Italian Reading Book, with Vocabulary, 1s. 4d.  
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co. Edinburgh: MYLES MACPAIL.

**HARVEY ON THE EAR.**  
Just published, fcp. 8vo. sewed, price 2s. 6d.  
**THE EAR in HEALTH and DISEASE; or, a Manual of Auricular Surgery.** With Practical Remarks on the Prevention and Treatment of Deafness. Illustrated with Wood Engravings. By WILLIAM HARVEY, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear.  
London: H. J. RENSHAW, 355, Strand.

**THE MAGISTRATE'S HANDBOOK,** PART VI. for OCTOBER 1, contains all the Magistrate's Law of the Quarter and Summary, by J. A. Hildesdon, Esq., Barrister-at-Law; the New Friendly Societies Law, by Geo. Harris, Esq., Barrister-at-Law; the New Law of Evidence, by T. W. Saunders, Esq., Barrister-at-Law; all the decided Cases and new Magistrates' Statutes. Price 7s. 6d. (continued quarterly). The back Parts may still be had.  
London: CROCKFORD, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Railway Travellers may obtain TICKETS of INSURANCE against RAILWAY ACCIDENTS for the Journey, on payment of 1d. 2d., or 3d., by inquiring of the Booking Clerks at all the principal Railway Stations, when they take a railway ticket.  
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE OFFICE, 3, Old Broad-street, London.  
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

Money received at 5 per cent. Interest, payable half-yearly, in April and October.  
**HOUSEHOLDERS' LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY INVESTMENTS.**  
Money intended for Investment only is received on deposit at interest after the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, at the Office of the Company, between the hours of ten and four.  
R. HODSON, Secretary.  
15 and 16, Adam-street, Adelphi.

ESTABLISHED 1837.  
**BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**—Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, 4 Vict. cap. 9.  
BRITANNIA MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION, Empowered by Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.  
Col. ROBERT ALEXANDER, Blackheath, Chairman.  
Every description of Life Assurance business transacted, with or without participation in profits.  
E. R. FOSTER, Resident Director. ANDREW FINLAYSON, Secretary.  
1, Princes-street, Bank, London.

**BANK OF DEPOSIT,** 3, Pall Mall East, and 7, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, London.  
ESTABLISHED MAY, 1844.  
Parties desirous of INVESTING MONEY are requested to examine the Plan of this Institution, by which a high rate of Interest may be obtained with perfect Security.  
The Interest is payable in January and July, and for the convenience of parties residing at a distance, may be received at the Branch Offices, or paid through Country Bankers, without expense.  
PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.  
\*\* Prospectuses sent free on application.

**FAMILY ENDOWMENT, LIFE ASSURANCE, AND ANNUITY SOCIETY,** 12, Chatham-place, Blackfriars, London.—Capital 500,000.

DIRECTORS.  
William Butterworth Bayley, Esq., Chairman.  
John Fuller, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.  
Lewis Burroughs, Esq.  
Robert Bruce Chichester, Esq.  
Colonel Ouseley.  
Major Henderson.  
C. H. Latouche, Esq.  
Major Turner.  
Joshua Walker, Esq.  
The Bonus for the present year is the same as that declared last year, viz. Twenty per cent. in reduction of the Premium to parties who have made Five Annual Payments or more on the Profit Scale.  
Endowments and Annuities granted as usual.  
INDIA BRANCH.—The Society has Branch Establishments at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.  
\*\* Tables of Rates, both English and Indian, can be had on application at the Office.  
JOHN CAZENOVE, Secretary.

**IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.** 1, OLD BROAD-STREET, LONDON.  
Instituted 1820.

SAMUEL HIBBERT, Esq., Chairman.  
WILLIAM E. ROBINSON, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.  
The SCALE OF PREMIUMS adopted by this Office will be found of a very moderate character, but at the same time quite adequate to the risk incurred.  
FOUR-FIFTHS, or 80 per cent. of the Profits, are assigned to Policies every Fifth year, and may be applied to increase the sum insured, to an immediate payment in cash, or to the reduction and ultimate extinction of future Premiums.

ONE-THIRD of the Premium on Insurances of 500l. and upwards for the whole term of life, may remain as a debt upon the Policy, to be paid off at convenience; or the Directors will lend sums of 50l. and upwards, on the security of Policies effected with this Company for the whole term of life, when they have acquired an adequate value.

SECURITY.—Those who effect Insurances with this Company are protected by its Subscribed Capital of 750,000l., of which nearly 140,000l. is invested from the risk incurred by members of Mutual Societies.

The satisfactory financial condition of the Company, exclusive of the Subscribed and Invested Capital, will be seen by the following Statement:—  
On the 31st October, 1853, the sums Assured, including Bonus added, amounted to ... .. £2,500,000  
The Premium Fund to more than ... .. 800,000  
And the Annual Income from the same source, to ... .. 109,000  
Insurances without participation in Profits may be effected at reduced rates.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.  
London: Printed by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 16, Oakley-square, Hampstead-road, in the County of Middlesex, at his Printing-office, 12, Finsbury-street, New Turnstile, in the Parish of St. Giles, Bloomsbury, and published by the said JOHN CROCKFORD, at 29, Essex-street, Strand, in the City of Westminster, on Monday, October 16, 1854.



HARIS  
LAM MAR-

ro.  
Figures,  
Form. By  
S. & C. and  
k is hand-  
be sent to

attered,  
from  
Poems. By  
the Earl of  
er-row.

LLION,  
by to ditto,  
s Henry's  
asy Italian  
h Vocabu-  
MYLES

SE: or,  
ks on the  
d Engrav-  
Royal Dis-

OOK,  
ates' Law  
rister-at-  
Barrister-  
g, Barrie-  
Statutes.  
l be had.

avellers  
ALLWAY  
d, by In-  
Stations,  
a, Old  
ecretary.

ANCE  
at Interest  
Company,  
ecretary.

NCE  
at, 4 Vict.

man.  
, with or  
Director.  
etary.

I T,

examine  
t may be  
convenient  
th Office,  
irector.

LIFE  
am-place,

g.  
last year  
who have

s at Cal-  
on appli-  
retary.

ANY.

man,  
und of a  
te to the

o Policies  
ed, to an  
xtinction

cards for  
to be paid  
upwards,  
ic whole

any are  
nearly  
Mutual

lusive of  
ollowing

000  
000  
000  
ed at re-  
ctuary.

. Hamp-  
g-office,  
Bloom-  
x-street,  
854.